

THE

# Spanish Tragedie:

## Containing the lamen-

table end of *Don Horatio*, and *Bel-imperia*  
with the pittifull death of old  
*Hieronimo*.

Newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with  
new additions of the Painters part, and  
others, as it hath of late been  
diuers times acted.



Imprinted at London by W. White.

1610.

THE  
SPANISH TRAGEDY:  
Containing the lament.

in a new and improved  
edition, with additions  
and corrections.

Newly corrected and  
revised by  
J. H. P. [illegible]  
and  
[illegible]



Printed at London by W. [illegible]  
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## ACTVS PRIMVS.

*Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and wish him Reuenge.*

*Ghost.*



Hen this eternall substaunce of my soule,  
Did liue imprisond in my wanton flesh,  
Each in their function seruing others need,  
I was a Courtier in the *Spanish* Court :  
My name was *Don Andrea* ; my descent,  
though not ignoble, yet inferiour farre

To gracious fortunes of my tender youth :  
For there, in prime and pride of all my yeares,  
By dutious seruice, and deseruing loue,  
In secret, I possesse a worthy Dame,  
Which hight sweete *Zel-imperia* by name:  
But in the Haruest of my Sommer ioyes,  
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,  
Forcing diuorce betwixt my Loue and mee :  
For in the late conflict with *Portingale*,  
My valour drew me into dangers mouth,  
Till life to death, made passage through my woundes.  
When I was slaine, my soule descended straight,  
To passe the flowing streame of *Acheron*,  
But churlish *Charon* onely Boatman there,  
Said, that my rites of Buriall not performde,  
I might not sit amongst his Passengers.  
Ere *Soi* had slept three nightes in *I heris* lappe,  
And slackt his smoaking Chariot in her floud,  
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne,  
My Funerals and Obsequies were done.  
Then was the Ferrie-man of Hell content,

*A.*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

To passe mee ouer to the slimie Strond,  
That leades to fell *Auernus* ougly waues,  
There pleasing *Cerberus*: with horned speach,  
I past the perils of the formost porch:  
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,  
Sate *Minos* *Eacus*, and *Radamant*:  
To whom no sooner gan I make approch,  
To craue a pasport for my wondring Ghost,  
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,  
Drew foorth the manner of my life and death.  
This Knight (quoth hee) both liu'd and died in loue,  
And for his loue, tried fortune of the Warres,  
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.  
Why then (sayd *Eacus*) conuey him hence,  
To walke with Louers in our fieldes of loue,  
And spend the course of euerlasting time,  
Vnder Greene Mirtle trees and Cypers shades.  
No, no, (sayd *Radamant*) it were not well,  
With louing soules, to place a Martialist;  
Hee died in Warre, and must to Martiall fieldes:  
Where wounded  *Hector* liues in lasting paine,  
And *Achilles* mermedons to scowre the plaine.  
Then *Minos*, mildest censoret of the three,  
Made this deuice, to end the difference:  
Send him (quoth hee) to our infernall King,  
To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie.  
To this effect my Pasport strainge was drawne,  
In keeping on my way to *Plutos* Court,  
Through dreadfull shades of euer-glooming night,  
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,  
Or pennes can write, or mortall heartes can thinke.  
Three wayes there were, that on the right hand side,  
Was readie way vnto the foresayd fieldes,  
Where Louers liue, and bloodie Martialistes:  
But either sort containd within his boundes.  
The left hand Path, declining fearefully,  
Was ready downefall to the deepest Hell,

Where



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Where bloody furies shakes their Whippes of Steele,  
And poore *Jxion* turnes an endles wheele:  
Where Vzurers are choakt with melting gold,  
And Wantons are imbracst with ouglie Snakes,  
And Murderers greeue with euer-killing woundes,  
And Periurde wightes scalded in boyling lead,  
And all foule sinnes with tormentes ouerwhelmd:  
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the midle path,  
Which brought me to the faire *Euzian* Greene:  
In middst whereof, there standes a stately Tower,  
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant:  
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proserpine*,  
I shewed my passport humbled on my knee:  
Whereat faire *Proserpine* began to smile.  
And begd that onely she might giue my doome:  
*Pluto* was pleasd, and seald it with a kisse.  
Foorth-with *Reuenge* she rounded thee in th'are,  
And bade thee lead mee through the gates of Horror,  
Where Dreames haue passage in the silent night.  
No sooner had she spoke, but we were heere,  
I wot not how, in twinkling of an eye.

*Reuenge.*

**T**Hen know *Andrea*, that thou art ariued  
Where thou shalt see the auther of thy death:  
*Don Baltazar* the Prince of *Portugale*,  
Depriu'd of life by *Bel-imperia*:  
Heere sit wee dawne to see the misterie,  
And serue for *Chorus* in this Tragedie.

*Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, Hieronimo.*

*King.*

**N**OW say Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?  
*Gen.* All well my soueraigne Liege, except some few,  
That are deceast by fortune of the Warre.

*King.* But what portends thy chearefull countenance,  
And posting to our presence, thus in haste?  
Speake man; hath Fortune giuen vs victorie?

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*Gen.* Victorie my Liege, and that with little losse,

*King.* Our *Portingales*: will pay vs tribute then.

*Gen.* Tribute, and wonted homage there withall.

*King.* Then blest be heauen, and guider of the heauens,  
From whose faire influence such iustice flowes.

*Cast.* *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat atq; uer,*  
*Et conseruat a curuato populo gentes*  
*Succumbunt: rectis foror est victoria iuris.*

*King.* Thanks to my louing brother of Castile:

But Generall; vnfolde in brieve discourse

Your forme of Battell, and your Warres successe,

That adding all the pleasure of thy newes

Vnto the height of former happinesse,

With deeper wage and greater dignitie.

We may reward thy blisfull chiuallrie.

*Gen.* Where *Spaine* and *Portingale* do ioyntly knitte

Their frontiers, leaning on each others bound:

There mette our Armies in their proud aray:

Both furnisht well; both full of hope and feare:

Both menacing alike with daring shewes,

Both vaunting sundrie colours of deuice,

Both cheerely sounding trumpets, drummes and fifes:

Both rayning dreadfull clamors to the skie,

That vallies, hilles, and riuers made rebound,

And heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound:

Our Battles both were pitcht in Squadron forme,

Each corner strongly fenced with winges of shot:

But ere we ioynt and came to push of Pike,

I brought a Squadron of our readiest shot

From out our rereward, to begin the fight,

They brought another wing to encounter vs:

Meane while, our Ordinance played on either side,

And Captaines strove to haue their valours tride,

*Don Peare* their chiefe Horsemens Coronell

Did with his Cornet brauely make attempt,

To breake the order of our Battell ranks:

But *Don Rogero*, worthy man of warre,

Marche



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Marcht foorth against him with our Muskatires,  
And stopt the malice of his fell approach,  
While they maintaine hot skirmish too and fro,  
Both Battailles ioyne, and fall to handie blowes:  
Their violent Shot resembling th' *Oceans* rage,  
When roaring loude, and with a swelling tyde,  
It beates vpon the rawpiers of huge Rockes,  
And gapes to swallow neighbour bounding landes:  
Now while *Bellona* rageth heere and there,  
Thicke stormes of Bullets ran like Winters hayle.  
And shiuered Launces, darkt the troubled ayre.

*Pede pes, & cuspidae cuspidis,*

*Anni sonant armis, vir periturus viro:*

On euerie side drop Captaines to the ground,  
And Souldiers lie maimde, some flaine outright:  
Heere falles a bodie sundred from his head:  
There legges and armes lie bleeding on the grasse,  
Mingled with weapons and vnbowed steeles,  
That scattering, ouer-spread the purple paine.  
In all this turmoyle, three long howers and more,  
The Victorie to neither part inclinde,  
Till *Don Andrea* with his braue Launciers,  
In their maine Battell made so great a breach,  
That halfe dismayde, the multitude retirde:  
But *Balthazar* the *Portingales* young prince,  
Brought rescue, and encouragde them to stay.  
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renewde,  
And in that conflict was *Andreas* flaine:  
Braue man at Armes, but weak to *Balthazar*,  
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,  
Breath'd out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproch,  
Friendship and hardie valour ioynd in one,  
Prckt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne,  
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:  
Not long betwene these twaine the fight indurde,  
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,  
And forcst to yeeld him prisoner to his foe.

when

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When he was taken, all the rest they fled,  
And our Carbines pursued them to the death,  
Till *Piæbus* wauiug to the western deepe,  
Our Trumpeters were chargde to sound retreat.

*King.* Thanks good L. Generall for these good newes,  
And for some argument of more to come,  
Take this and weare it for thy Soueraignes sake.

*Gives him his chaine.*

But tell me now, Hast thou confirm'd a peace;

*Gen.* No Peace my Liege, but Peace conditionall,  
That if with homage Tribute be well payde,  
The furie of your forces will be stayde,  
And to this Peace, their *Viz-roy* hath subscribde.

*Gives the K. a paper.*

And made a solemene vow, that during life  
His Tribute shalbe truly payde to *Spaine*,

*King.* These words, these deedes, become thy person well,  
But now Knight Marshall, fro'cke with the King,  
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

*Hiero.* Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne liege,  
And soone decay, vnlesse he serue my Liege.

*A Trumpet a farre of.*

*King.* Nor thou, nor he, shall die without reward.  
What meanes this warning of this Trumpet sound?

*Gen.* This tels mee, that your Graces men of Warre,  
Such as Warres fortune hath referu'd from death,  
Come marching on towards your Royall seate,  
To shew themselues before your Maiestie:  
For so I gaue them charge at my depart,  
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,  
That all, except three hunderd, or few more,  
Are safe rurn'd, and by their foes inricht.

*The Armie enters, Balthazar betweene Lorenzo*

*and Horatio, captiue.*

*King.* A glad some fight, I long to see them heere;

*They enter, and passe by.*

Was that the warlike Prince of Portugall,

That



*The Spanish Tragedie:*

That by our Nephew was in triumph led?

*Gen.* It was (my Liedge) the Prince of *Portingale*.

*King.* But what was hee, that on the other side,  
Held him by th'arme, as partner of the prize?

*Hiero.* That was my Sonne (my gracious Soueraigne)  
Of whom, though from his tender infancie,  
My louing thoughts did neuer hope but well:  
He neuer pleas'd his fathers eyes till now,  
Nor fill'd my heart with ouer-cloying ioyes.

*King.* Goe, let them march once more about these walles,  
That staying them, we may conferre and talke  
with our braue prisoner, and his double Guard.

*Hironima,* it greatly pleaseth vs,  
That in our victorie thou haue a share,  
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exployt. *Enter againe*  
Bring hither the young Prince of *Portingale*,  
The rest march on: but ere they be dismiss,  
Wee will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,  
And on euery Leader ten; that they may know  
Our larges welcomes them.

*Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. Hor.*

Welcome *Don Baltazar*, Welcome Nephew:  
And thou *Horatio*, thou art Welcome too:  
Young Prince, although thy fathers hard misdeedes,  
In keeping backe the tribute that he owes,  
Deserue but euill measure at our hands,  
Yet shalt thou know that *Spaine* is honourable.

*Balt.* The trespassse that my Father made in peace,  
Is now contrould by fortune of the Warres,  
And Cardes once dealt, it bootes not aske why so,  
His Men are flaine, a weakening to the Realme:  
His Cullours ceazd, a blot vnto his name:  
His Sonne distrest, a corsiue to his heart:  
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

*King.* I *Baltazar*, if he obserues this truce,  
Our Peace will grow the stronger for these Warres:  
Meane while, liue thou as though not in libertie,

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Yet from bearing any seruile yoke:  
For in our hearing thy deserts were great,  
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

*Bal.* And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

*King.* But tell me, for their holding makes me doubt.  
To which of these twaine art thou prisoner?

*Lor.* To me my liege.

*Hor.* To me my Soueraigne.

*Lor.* This hand first tooke the courser by the raines.

*Hor.* But first my Launce did put him from his Horse.

*Lor.* I ceaz'd his weapon and enioyd it first.

*Hor.* But first I forst him lay his weapons downe.

*King.* Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge.

*Let him go.*

So, worthy prince, to whither didst thou yeeld?

*Bal.* To him in curtesie: to this perforce:  
He spake me faire, this other gaue me stroakes:  
He promised life, this other threatned death:  
He wan my loue, this other conquered me:  
And truth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

*Hiro.* But that I know your Grace for iust and wise,  
And might seeme partiall in this difference,  
Inforst by nature, and by law of Armes,  
My tongue should pleade for young *Horatio's* right.  
He hunted well that was a Lions death,  
Not he that in a garment wore his skin:  
So Hares may pull dead Lyons by the beard.

*King.* Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong.  
And for thy sake thy sonne shall want no right,  
Will both abide the centure of my doome?

*Lor.* I craue no better then your Grace awardest.

*Hor.* Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

*King.* Then by my iudgment thus your strife shall end,  
You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.  
Nephew, thou tookst his Weapon and his Horse:  
His Weapons and his Horse are thy reward.

*Horatio,* thou didst force him first to yeeld,

*His*



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His ranfome therefore is thy valours fee:  
Appoynt the summe as you shall both agree.  
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard:  
For thine estate best fitteth such a guest.

*Horatio* house were small for all his traine:  
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,  
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,  
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince:  
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice?

*Bal.* Right well my Leige, if this prouiso were,  
That *Don Horatio* beare vs companie,  
Whom I admire and loue for Cheualrie,

*King.* *Horatio*, leaue him not, that loues thee so:  
Now let vs hence to see our Souldiers paide,  
And feast our Prisoner as our friendly guest.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, Villuppo.*

*Vice.* Is our Embassadour disparted for Spaine?

*Alex.* Two dayes (my Liege are past since his depart.

*Vice.* And tribute payment gone along with him?

*Alex.* I my good Lord.

*Vice.* Then rest we heere a while in our vnrest.  
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighes,  
For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.  
But wherefore sit I in Regall throne,  
This better fits a wretches endles moane?  
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,  
And therefore better then my state deserues.

*Falles to the ground.*

I, I, this earth, Image of melancholy,  
Seekes him whom Fates adiudged to miserie:  
Heere let mee lie; now am I at the lowest.

*Qui iacet in terra non habet unde cadat,*

*In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo;*

*Nihil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.*

Yes Fortune may bereaue mee of my Crowne:  
Heere take it now, let Fortune do her worst,  
She will not robbe me of this sable weede:

*B2.*

*Ono*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

O no, she enuies none but pleasant thinges,  
Such is the follie of dispihtfull chaunce.  
Fortune is blind, and sees not my desertes,  
So is she deafe, and heares not my laments:  
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad:  
And therefore will not pittie my distresse.  
Suppose that she could pittie mee, What then?  
What helpe can be expected at her hands,  
Whose foote standing on a rouling stone,  
And minde more mutable then fickle windes?  
Why waile I then where's hope of no redresse?  
O yes! complayning, makes my grieve seeme lesse.  
My late Ambition hath distaind my Faith:  
My breach of Faith, occasion'd bloodie Warres,  
Those bloodie Warres, haue spent my Treasure,  
And with my Treasure, my peoples blood:  
And with their blood, my ioy and best beloued,  
My best beloued, my sweete and onely Sonne.  
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?  
The cause was mine, I might haue died for both:  
My yeares were mellow, his but young and greene,  
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

*Alex.* No doubt my Liege but still the Prince suruiues.

*Vice.* Suruiues, I where?

*Alex.* In Spaine a prisoner, by mischaunce of warre.

*Vice.* Then they haue slaine him for his Fathers fault.

*Alex.* That were a breach to common law of Armes.

*Vice.* They reake no lawes that meditate reuenge.

*Alex.* His ransoms woorth will stay from foule reuenge.

*Vice.* No if he liued, the newes would soone be heere.

*Alex.* Nay, euill newes will flie faster still than good.

*Vice.* Tell mee no more of newes, for he is dead.

*Villup.* My Soueraigne, pardon the Auther of ill newes,  
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy sonne.

*Vice.* Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,  
Mine eare is readie to receiue ill newes,  
Mine heart grone hard gainst mischiefes batterie:

Stand



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Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

*Vil.* Then heare the truth which these mine eyes haue scene  
When both the Armies were in battell ioyn'd,  
*Don Balthazar* amidst the thickest troupes,  
To winne renowne, did wondrous feates of Armes:  
Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand  
In single fight with their Lord Generall,  
Till *Alexandro* that here counterfeites,  
Vnder the colour of a deuous friend,  
Discharged his Pistoll at the Princes backe,  
As though he would haue slaine their Generall,  
But therewithall *Don Balthazar* fell downe,  
And when he fell, then we began to flie:  
But had he liued, the day had sure beene ours.

*Alex.* O wicked forgerie: O traiterous miscreant.

*Vice.* Hold thou thy peace: but now *Villuppo* say,  
Where then became the carkasse of my Sonne?

*Villup.* I saw them dragge it to the *Spanish* tents.

*Vice.* I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this:  
Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beast,  
Wherein had *Balthazar* offended thee,  
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?  
Was't *Spanish* Gold that bleared so thine eyes,  
That thou couldst see no part of our desertes?  
Perchaunce because thou art *Terseras* Lord,  
Thou hadst some hope to weare this Diademe,  
If first my Sonne, and then my selfe were slaine:  
But thy ambitious thought shall breake thy necke,  
I, this was it that made thee spill his blood.

*Take the Crowne and put it on againe.*

But Ile now weare it till thy blood be spilt.

*Alex.* Vouchsafe (dread Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

*Vice.* Away with him, his sight is second hell,  
Keepe him till we determine of his death,  
If *Balthazar* be dead, hee shall not liue.

*Villuppo* follow vs for thy reward.

*Villup.* Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Deceiued the King, betrayed mine enemye,  
And hope for guerdon of my villanie.

*Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.*

*Bel.* Signior *Horatio*, this is the place, and hower,  
Wherein I must intreat thee to relate  
The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death:  
Who liuing, was my Garlands sweetest Flower;  
And in his death, hath buried my delights.

*Hor.* For loue of him, and seruice to your selfe,  
Ile not refuse this heauie dolefull charge:  
Yet teares and sightes I feare will hinder mee.  
When both our Armies were enioynd in fight,  
Your worthy Chauilire amidst the thickest,  
For glorious cause still ayming at the fairest,  
Was at the last by young *Don Balthazar*,  
Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long.  
Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing.  
Their strength alike, their stroakes both dangerous:  
But wrathfull *Nemesis*, that wicked power,  
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,  
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth,  
Shee, shee her selfe, disguise in Armours maske,  
(as *Pallas* was before proud *Pergamus*)  
Brought in fresh supplie of Halberdiers,  
Which pauncht his Horse, and dinged him to the ground:  
Then young *Don Balthazar* with ruthles rage,  
Taking aduantage of his Foes distresse,  
Died finish what his Halberdiers begun,  
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.

Then (though too late) incenst with iust remorse,  
I with my Band, set foorth against the Prince,  
And brought him prisoner from his Halberdiers.

*Bel.* Would thou hadst slaine him, that slew my loue:  
But then was *Don Andreas* carkasse lost?

*Hor.* No, that was it for which I chiefly stroue,  
Nor slept I backe till I recouered him:  
I tooke him vp, and wound him in my armes,

And



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And welding him vnto my priuate Tent,  
There layde him downe, and deawd him with my teares;  
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend:  
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes, nor teares,  
Could win pale Death from his vsurped right.  
Yet thus I did, and lesse I could not doe,  
I saw him honoured with due Funerall:  
This Scarfe pluckt off from his linceles arme,  
And weare it in remembrance of my friend.

*Bel.* I know the Scarfe, would he had kept it still,  
For had he liued, he would haue kept it still,  
And worne it for his *Bel-imperiaes* sake;  
For twas my Fauour at his last depart:  
But now weare it both for him and mee,  
For after him, thou hast deserued it best:  
But for thy kindnes in his life and death,  
Be sure while *Bel-imperiaes* life endures,  
Shee will be *Don Horatioes* thankfull friend.

*Hor.* And (Madame) *Don Horatio* will not slacke,  
Humbly to serue faire *Bel-imperia*.  
But now if your good liking stand thereto,  
He craue your pardon to go seeke the Prince  
For so the Duke your Father gaue mee charge. *Exit.*

*Bel.* I, go *Horatio*, leaue mee heere alone,  
For solitude best fits my cheereles mood:  
Yet what auailles to waile *Andreas* death,  
From whence *Horatio* proues my second loue?  
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,  
He could not sit in *Bel-imperiaes* thoughts.  
But how can Loue finde harbour in my breast,  
Till I reuenge the death of my beloued?  
Yes, second loue shall further my reuenge,  
He loue *Horatio* my *Andreas* friend,  
The more to spight the Prince that wrought his end:  
And where *Don Balthazar* that slew my Loue,  
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,  
He shall in rigour of my iust dildaine,  
Reape

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Reape long repentance of his murderous deede:  
For what wast else, but murderous cowardise,  
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,  
Without respect of honour in the fight?  
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

*Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.*

*Lor.* Sister, What meanes this melancholy walke?

*Bel.* That for a while I wish no companie.

*Lor.* But heere the Prince is come to visit you.

*Bel.* That argues that he liues in libertie.

*Bal.* No, Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

*Bel.* Your prison then (belike) is your conceite.

*Bal.* Y, by conceite my freedome is enthalde.

*Bel.* Then with conceite, enlarge your selfe againe.

*Bal.* What if conceite haue layde my heart to gage?

*Bel.* Pay that you borrowed, and recouer it.

*Bal.* I die if it returne from whence it lies.

*Bel.* A heartlesse man and liues? a miracle.

*Bal.* I Lady, Loue can worke such miracles.

*Lor.* Tush, tush my Lord, let goe these ambages.

And in plaine termes acquaint her with your loue.

*Bel.* What bootes complaint, when there's no remedie.

*Bal.* Yesto your gracious selfe must I complaine,

In whose faire answer, lies my remedie:

On whose perfection, all my thoughts attend,

On whose aspect, mine eyes find beauties bower:

In whose translucent breastes my heart is lodgd.

*Bel.* Alasse, my Lord, these are but words of course,

And but deuilde to driue me from this place.

*She going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio  
comming out, takes vp.*

*Hor.* Madame, your Gloue.

*Bel.* Thankes good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.

*Bal.* Signior *Horatio* stoopt in happy time.

*Hor.* I reapt more grace then I deseru'd or hop'd.

*Lor.* My Lord, be not dismayde for what is past.  
You know that women oft are humerous:

*These*



The Spanish Tragedie.

These cloudes will ouer blow with litle wind,  
Let mee alone, Ile scatter them my selfe:  
Meane while, let vs deuise to spend the time  
In some delight some Sports and reuelling.

H. r. The King (my Lord) is coming hither straight,  
To feast the *Portugale* Embassadour, and all his court  
Things were in readines before I came.

*Bal.* Then heere it fits vs to attend the King,  
To welcome hither our Embassadour,  
And learne my Father and my Countries health.

*Enter the Banquet, Trampers, the King, and Embassadors, III.*

King. See Lord Embassadour, how *Spain* entreats  
Their prisoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes sonne  
Wee pleasure more in kindnes then in Warres.

Embass. Sad is our King, and Poynting at laments, dyed I  
Supposing that Don Balbazor is slaine.

*Bal.* So am I flaine by Beauties tyrannie:  
You see, my Lord, how *Balthazar* is flaine:  
I frolike with the Duke of Castiles Sonne

Wrapt euery houre in pleasures of the Court,  
And grac'd with fauours of his Maiestie

King. Put off your greetings till our Feast be done:  
Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheer.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second guest:

Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place!

Signior Horatio waite thou vpon our Cupp,

For well thou hast deserved to be honoured.

Now Lordings, fall too, Spain is Puringale,

And Portingale is Spain; wee both are friends: T. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Tribute is payde, and we enioy our right.

But where is old *Hierbim* old Marshall? (as the cell) as W

He promised vs in honour of our guest,

To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.

He with a brilliant career to fame,

Amesbury King of England

3rd ed. This is an argument for our Victory.

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*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Enter Hieronimo with a Drum, three Knights, each his  
Scutchin; then he fetches three Kings, they take  
their Crowns and them captiue.*

*Hieronimo*, this Maske contents mine eye,  
Although I found not well the myserie.

*Hiero.* The first armd Knight, that hung his Scutchin vp,  
*He takes the Scutchin and gives it to the King*

Was English *Robert Earle of Gloucester*,  
Who when King *Stephen* bore sway in *Albion*.  
Arriued with fife and twentie thousand men  
In *Portingale*, and by successe of warre,  
Enforced the King (then but a *Sarasin*)  
To beare the yoake of the English Monarchie.

*King.* My Lord of *Portingale*, by this you see,  
That which may comfort both your King and you,  
And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse:  
But say *Hieronimo*, what was the next?

*Hiero.* the second Knight that hung his Scutchin vp,  
*He doth as he did before.*

Was *Edmond Earle of Kent* in *Albion*,  
When English *Richard* wore the Diadem:  
He came likewise and razed *Lisbon* walles,  
And tooke the King of *Portingale* in fight:  
For which, and other such like seruice done,  
He after was created Duke of *Yorke*.

*King.* This is an other speciall argument,  
That *Portingale* may daine to beare our yoake,  
When it by little *England* hath been yoakt:  
But now *Hieronimo*, what were the last?

*Hiero.* The third and last, not least in our account,  
*Doing as he did before.*

Was (as the rest) a valiant English-man,  
*Braue Iohn of Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*,  
As by his Scutchin plainely may appeare:  
He with a puissant armie came to *Spaine*,  
And tooke our King of *Castile* prisoner.

*Embass.* This is an argument for our Viceroy,

That



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

That *Spaine* may not insult for her successe,  
Since *English* Warriours likewise conquered *Spaine*,  
And made them bowe their knees to *Albion*.

*King. Hieronimo*, I drinke to thee for this deuice,  
Which hath pleas'd both the Embassadour and me:  
Pledge me *Hieronimo*, if thou loue the King.

*Takes the Cuppe of Horatio.*  
My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer long,  
Vnlesse our Dainties were more delicate:  
But welcome are you to the best we haue.  
Now let vs in, that we may be dispatcht,  
I thinke our Counsell is already set. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Andrea.*  
Come we for this, from deapth of vnder ground,  
To see him feast, that gaue me my deaths wound?  
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule,  
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

*Reuenge.*  
Be still *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,  
Ile turne their Friendship into fell Despight:  
Their Loue, to mortall Hate; their Day, to Night;  
Their Hope into Despaire, their Peace to Warre,  
Their Ioyes to Paine, their Blisse to Miseric.

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ACTVS SECVNDVS.

*Enter Lorenzo and Balibazar.*

*Lorenzo.*  
MY Lord, though *Bel-imperia* seeme thus coy,  
Let reason hold you in your wonted ioy:  
In time, the sauage Bull sustaines the yoake:  
In time, all haggard Hawkes will stoope to lure:  
In time, small Wedges cleaue the hardest Oake:  
In time, the hardest Flint is pearst with softest Shower;  
And shee in time, will fall from her disdain,  
And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Bal.* No, shee is wilder and more hard withall.  
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stonie wall.  
But wherefore blot I *Bet-imperies* name?  
It is my fault, not shee that merites blame.  
My feature is not to content her sight,  
My wordes are rude, and worke her no delight.  
The lines I sende her, are but harsh and ill,  
Such as do drop from *Pav* and *Mad* squills.  
My Presents are not of sufficient cost,  
And being worthles, all my labour's lost.  
Yet might shee loue mee for my valiancies:  
I, but that's flattered by *Capititie*.  
Yet might shee loue mee, to content her fire.  
I, but her Reason masters her Desire.  
Yet might shee loue mee as her Brothers friend:  
I, but her Hopes ayme at some other end.  
Yet might shee loue mee to vpreare her state;  
I, but perhaps shee hopes some nobler mate:  
Yet might shee loue mee as her beautilous thrall,  
I, but I feare shee can not loue at all.

*Lor.* My Lord, for my sake, leaue these extasies,  
And doubt not but wee'll finde some remedie;  
Some cause there is that lets you not beloued:  
First that must needes be knowen, and then remoued.  
What if my Sister loue some other Knight?

*Bal.* My summers day will turne to winters night,

*Lor.* I haue alreadie found a stratageme,  
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.

My Lord, for once you shall be rulde by mee,

Hinder mee not what ere you heare or see:

By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,

To finde the truth of all this question out,

Ho, *Pearino*!

*Pedr.* Signior.

*Lor.* *Discharge* these

*Ped.* Hath your Lordship any seruice to commaund mee

*Lor.* I



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Lor.* I *Pedringano*, service of import.  
And not to spend the time in trifling words,  
Thus standes the case, It is not long (thou knowest)  
Since I did shield thee from my Fathers wrath,  
For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue:  
For which, thou wert adiudged to punishment,  
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment:  
And since, thou knowest how I haue fauoured thee:  
Now to these fauours will I add reward;  
Not with faire wordes, but store of golden coyne,  
And lands and liuings, ioynd with dignities,  
If thou but satisfie my iust demaund,  
Tell trueth, and haue mee for thy lasting friend.

*Ped.* What ere it be, your Lordship shall demaunde,  
My bounden duetie bids mee tell the trueth,  
If case it lies in mee to tell the trueth.

*Lor.* Then *Pedringano*, this is my demaunde,  
Whom loues my sister *Bel-imperia*?  
For shee repositeth all her trust in thee,  
Speake man, and gaine both friendship and reward:  
I meane, whom loues she in *Andreas* place?

*Ped.* Alas my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,  
I haue no credite with her as before;  
And therefore know not if she loue or no,

*Lor.* Nay, if thou dallie, then I am thy foe, *Draws his sword.*  
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot winne:  
Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales:  
Thou diest for more esteeming her then mee.

*Ped.* Oh, stay my Lord.

*Lor.* Yet speake the trueth, and I will guerdone thee,  
And shield thee from what euer can ensue,  
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee:  
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

*Ped.* If *Madame Bel-imperia* be in loue,

*Lor.* What villain is it and bands? *Offers to kill him.*

*Ped.* Oh, stay my Lord, shee loues *Horatio*.

*Bel-imperia* *Offers to kill him.*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Lor.* What *Don Horatio* our Knight Marshalls sonne?

*Ped.* Euen him my Lord.

*Lor.* Now say, but how knowest thou he is her loue?  
And thou shalt find me kind and liberall:  
Stand vp I say, and fearelesse tell the truth.

*Ped.* She sent him Letters, which my selfe perusde  
Full fraught with lines and argumentes of Loue,  
Preferring him before Prince *Balthazar*.

*Lor.* Swear on this crosse, that what thou sayest is true,  
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast told.

*Ped.* I swear to both, by him that made vs all.

*Lor.* In hope thine oath is true, heer's thy reward:  
But if I prooue thee periurde and vniust,  
This very Sword whereon thou tookest thine oath,  
Shall be the worker of thy tragedie.

*Ped.* What I haue sayd, is true, and shall for me,  
Be still conceald from *Bel-imperia*:  
Besides, your Honors liberalitie,  
Deserues my dutious seruice, euen till death.

*Lor.* Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me,  
Be watchfull when, and where, these louers meete,  
And giue me notice, in some secret sort.

*Ped.* I will my Lord.

*Lor.* Then shalt thou finde that I am liberall,  
Thou knowest that I can more aduance thy state,  
Then she; be therefore wise, and fayle me not:  
Goe and attende her as thy custome is,  
Least absence, make her thinke thou doest amisse.

*Exit Pedringano.*

Why so? *Tam armis quam ingento*:  
Where Wordes preuaile not, Violence preuailes;  
But Gold doth more then either of them both.  
How likes Prince *Balthazar* this stratageme?

*Bal.* Both well, and ill: it makes me glad and sad:  
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue:  
Sadde, that I feare, she hates me, whom I lone:  
Gladde, that I know on whom to be reuenged:

*Sad,*



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Sad that shee shie me if I take reuenge,  
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,  
For loue resisted, growes impatient.  
I thinke *Horatio* be my destin'd plague.  
First, in his hand he brandished a sword:  
And with that sword, he fiercely waged warre,  
And in that warre, he gaue me dangerous woundes,  
And by those woundes, he forced me to yeeld,  
And by my yeelding, I became his slaue.  
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,  
Which pleasing words doe harbour sweete conceits,  
Which sweete conceits are limbe with slie deceits,  
Which slie deceits, smooth *Bel-imperia* eares,  
And through her eares diue downe into her heart;  
And in her heart set him where I should stand:  
Thus hath he tane my body by his force,  
And now by slieght would captiuate my soule:  
But in his fall Ile tempt the destinies,  
And either lose my life, or winne my loue.

*Lor.* Lets goe, my Lord, your staying stayes reuenge,  
Do you but follow me, and gaine your loue.  
Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio and Bel-imperia.*

*Hor.* Now, Madame since by fauour of your loue,  
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame:  
And that with lookes and wordes we feed our thoughts,  
Two chiefe contents, where more cannot be had.  
Thus in the midst of loues faire blandishments,  
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

*Pedringano sheweth all to the Prince, and Lorenzo,  
placing them in secret.*

*Bel.* My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at Sea,  
She wisheth port, where riding all at ease,  
She may repaire what stormie times haue worne:  
And leaning on the shore may sing with ioy,  
That pleasure, follow paine, and blisse annoy.

*Possession*

*The Spanish Tragedie*

Possession of thy loue is th' onely port,  
Wherein my heart with feares and hopes long tost,  
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,  
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost  
And sitting safe to sing in *Cupids* Quire,  
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of *Loues* desire,

*Balthazar and Loren. alone.*

*Balt.* O sleepe mine eyes, see not my *Loue* prophande,  
Be deafe my eares, heare not my discontent:  
Die heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

*Lor.* Watch still mine eyes, to see the loue disioynd:  
Heare still mine eares, to heare them both lament:  
Leaue heart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

*Bel.* Why stands *Horatio* speechles all this while?

*Hor.* The lesse I speake, the more I meditate,

*Bel.* But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?

*Hor.* On dangers past and pleasures to ensue.

*Bal.* On pleasure past and dangers to ensue.

*Bel.* What dangers, and what pleasures dost thou meane?

*Hor.* Dangers of warre, and pleasures of our loue.

*Lor.* Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

*Bel.* Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with mee:

But such a warring as breakes no bond of peace.

Speake thou faire words, Ile crosse them with faire wordes,

Send thou sweet looks, Ile mee: them with sweete looks:

write louing lines, Ile answer louing lines:

Give me a kisse, Ile countercheeke thy kisse,

Be this our warring peace, or peacefull warre.

*Hor.* But gracious Madam, then appoint the field,  
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

*Bal.* Ambitious villaine: how his boldnes growes?

*Bel.* Then by thy fathers pleasant bower the field

Where first we yowde our mutual amitie:

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe:

Our houre shall be, when *Vesper* gins to rise,

That summons home distressed travellers,

There none shall heare vs but the harmlesse Birds:

Happely



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Happily the gentle Nightingale,  
Shall carroll vs a sleepe ere we be ware:  
And singing with the prickle at her brest,  
Tell our delight and mirthfull dalliance.  
Till then, each houre will seeme a yeare, and more.

Her- But honie sweet, and honourable loue,  
Returne we now into your fathers sight,  
Dangerous suspition waites on our delight.

Lord I, danger mixt with iealous dispite,  
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter King of Spaine, Portingale: Embassadour,  
Don Ciprian, &c.*

King. Brother of Castile, to the Princes loue,  
What sayes your daughter *Bel-imperia*?

Cip. Although she coy it, as becomes her kinde,  
And yet dissemble that she loues the Prince:  
I doubt not I, but she will steepe in time.  
And were she froward, which she will not be,  
Yet heerein shall she follow my aduice,  
Which is to loue him; or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of Portingale,  
Aduise thy King to make this marriage vp,  
For strengthing of our late confirmed league.  
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,  
Her dowrie shall be large and liberall.  
Besides that, she is daughter and halfe heire,  
Vnto our brother, here *Don Ciprian*  
And shall enioy the moitie of his land,  
He grace her marriage With an vneckles gift,  
And this it is, in case the match goe forward:  
The tribute which you pay shall be releast,  
And if by *Balthazar* she haue a sonne,  
He shall enioy the Kingdome after vs.

Embass. He make the motion to our Soueraigne liege,  
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King. Do so, my Lord, and if he giue consent,  
I hope his Presence heere will honour vs.

D.

In

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

In celebration of the nuptiall day,  
And let himseife determine of the time.

*Em.* Wilt please your grace to command me ought beside;

*King.* Commend me to the King, and so fare-well,  
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leave?

*Em.* That is perform'd alreadie, my good Lord.

*King.* Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,  
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:  
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner,  
And well his forwardnesse deserves reward.  
It was *Horatio* our Knight-marshals sonne.

*Em.* Betweene vs there's a price alreadie pitcht,  
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

*King.* Then once againe fare-well, my Lord.

*Em.* Fare-well my Lord of Castile, and the rest. *Exit.*

*King.* Now brother, you must take some litle paine,  
To winne faire *Bel-imperia* from her will:  
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friendes.  
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well,  
If she neglect him, and forgoe his loue;  
She both will wrong her owne estate and ours.  
Therefore whiles I doe entertaine the Prince,  
With greatest pleasures that our Court affords,  
Endeavour you to winne your Daughters thoughts,  
If she giue backe, all this will come to naught. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio, Bel-imperia, and Pedringano.*

*Hor.* Now that the night begins with sable winges,  
To ouer-cloude the brightnes of the Sunne,  
And that in darknes, pleasures may be done:  
Come *Bel-imperia*, let vs to the Bower,  
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

*Bel.* I follow thee, my loue, and will not backe,  
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

*Hor.* Why, make you doubt of *Pedringanoes* faith?

*Bel.* No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.  
Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,  
And let vs know if anie make approach.

*Ped.* In



*The Spanish Tragedie*

*Ped.* In stead of watching, Ile deserue more gold,  
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*

*Hor.* What meanes my Loue?

*Bel.* I know not what my selfe:  
And yet my heart foretels me some mischaunce.

*Hor.* Sweete, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend,  
And Heauens haue shut vp day to pleasure vs:  
The Starres thou seest, hold backe their twineking shine,  
And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure vs.

*Bel.* Thou hast preuailde, Ile conquer my misdoubt:  
And in thy loue and counsell drowne my feare:  
If care no more, Loue now is all my thoughts.  
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

*Hor.* The more thou sits within these leaue bowers,  
The more will *Flora* decke it with her flowers.

*Bel.* I but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,  
Her iealous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

*Hor.* Harke Madam, how the Birds record by night,  
For ioi that *Bel-imperia* sits in sight.

*Bel.* No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,  
To frame sweete musicke to *Horatio* tale.

*Hor.* If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre:  
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer Starre.

*Bel.* If I be *Venus* thou must needes be *Mars*.  
And where *Mars* raigneth, there must needes be Warre.

*Hor.* Then thus begin our Warre: put forth thy hand:  
That it may cumbate with my ruder hand.

*Bel.* Set forth thy foote, to trie the push of mine.

*Hor.* But first my lookes shall cumbate against thine.

*Bel.* Then ward thy selfe, I dart this Kisse at thee.

*Hor.* Thus I retort the Dart thou threwst at mee.

*Bel.* Nay then, to gaine the glorie of the field,  
My twining armes shall yoake and make the yeeld.

*Hor.* Nay, then my armes are large and strong withall:  
Thus Elmes by Vines are cutt off till they fall.

*Bel.* O let me goe, for in my troubled eyes,  
Now mayest thou read, that life in passion dies.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Hor.* O stay a while, and I will die with thee,  
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered mee.

*Bel.* Who's there, *Pedringano*? we are betrayde.

*Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, Pedringano disguised.*

*Lor.* My Lord, away with her. *Take her aside.*

O sir forbear, your valour is already tride.

Quickly dispatch my maisters. *They hang him in the Arbor.*

*Hor.* What, will ye murder me?

*Lor.* I thus, and thus: these are the fruites of loue.

*They stab him.*

*Bel.* O saue his life, and let me die for him:

O saue him brother, saue him *Balthazar*:

I loued *Horatio*, but he loued not me.

*Balt.* But *Balthazar* loues *Bel-imperia*.

*Lor.* Although his life were ambitious proud,  
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

*Bel.* Murder, murder: helpe *Hieronimo* helpe.

*Lor.* Come, stop her mouth, away with her, *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo in his shirt.*

*Hiero.* What out-cry calles me from my naked bed:

And chills my throbbing heart with trembling feare,

Which neuer danger yet could daunt before?

Who calls *Hieronimo*? speake, heare I am.

I did not slumber, therefore twas no dreame.

No, no, it was some woman cryde for helpe,

And heare within the garden did she cry,

And in this garden must I rescue her.

But stay, What murderous spectacle is this?

A man hangde vp, and all the murderers gone,

And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on me.

This place was made for pleasure, not for death.

*He cuts him downe.*

Those garments that he weares, I oft haue seene;

Alas, it is *Horatio* my sweete Sonne:

O no! but he that whilome was my Sonne,

O! Was it thou that call'dst mee from my bed?

O speake! if any sparke of life remaine.

I am



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

I am thy father : who hath flaine my sonne?  
What sauage monster, not of humaine kind,  
Heere hath beene glutted with thy harmelesse blood?  
And left thy bloodie corpes dishonoured heere,  
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,  
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares.  
O heauens! why made you night to couer sinne?  
By day this deed of darkenesse had not beene.  
O earth! why didst thou not it time deuoure,  
The vile prophaner of this sacred bower.  
O poore *Horatio*! what hadst thou misdona?  
To leese thy life ere life was new begun?  
O, wicked Butcher what so ere thou wert,  
How could'st thou strangle vertue and desert?  
Aye me most wretched that haue lost my ioy,  
In leeing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

*Enter Isabella.*

*Isa.* My husbands absence makes my heart to throb.  
*Hieronimo.*

*Hiero.* Heere *Isabella*, helpe me to lament,  
For sighes are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

*Isa.* What world of griefe my sonne *Horatio*?  
O, wher's the auther of this endles woe?

*Hier.* To know the authour were some ease of griefe,  
For in reuenge my heart would find reliefe.

*Isa.* Then is he gone; and is my sonne gone too?  
O, gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares,  
Blow sighes and raise, and euerlasting storme  
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednes,  
Aie me, *Hieronimo*! sweet husband speake.

*Hier.* He supt with vs to neight, frolicke and merrie,  
And said, he would goe visite *Balthazar*  
At the Dukes Pallace; there the Prince doth lodge:  
He had no custome to stay out so late,  
He may be in his chamber, some goe see, *Roderigo*, Ho.

*Enter Pedro, and Iago.*

*Isa.* Aie me! he raues, sweet *Hieronimo*,

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Hie.* True, all *Spaine* takes note of it,  
Besides, he is so generallie beloued.  
His Maiestie the other day did grace him  
With waighting on his Cuppe: these be fauours,  
Which do assure me cannot be short liued.

*Isa.* Sweete *Hieronimo*.

*Hie.* I wonder how this fellow got his clothes:  
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the trueth of all:

*Iaques*, runne to the Duke of *Castiles* presently,  
And bid my Sonne *Horatio* to come home  
I and his Mother haue had strange dreames to night.  
Doe ye heare me sir?

*Iaques.* I sir.

*Hier.* Well sir, be gone. *Pedro* come hither, knowest thou  
who this is?

*Ped.* Too well sir.

*Hiero.* Too well, who? Who is it? Peace *Isabella*. Nay  
blush not man.

*Ped.* It is my Lord *Horatio*.

*Hiero.* Ha, ha. Saint *James*; but this doth make me laugh,  
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

*Ped.* Deluded?

*Hiero.* I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,  
That this had been my Sonne *Horatio*,  
His garniments are so like. Ha, are they not great perswasions?

*Isa.* O would to God it were not so.

*Hier.* Were not *Isabella*, dost thou dreame it is?  
Can thy soft bosome entertaine a thought,  
That such a blacke deede of mischief should be done  
On one so poore and spotles as our Sonne?  
Away, I am ashamed.

*Isa.* Deare *Hieronimo*, cast a more serious eie vpon thy griefe  
Weake apprehension giues but weake beliefe.

*Hier.* It was a man sure that was hanged vp here,  
A youth; as I remember, I cut him downe:  
If it should prooue my Sonne now after all,  
Say you, say you: light, lend me a Taper,  
Let mee looke againe.

O God! Confusion, mischief, torment, death, and hell,

Drop



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Drop all your stinges at once in my cold bosome.  
That now is stiffe with horror; Kill me quickly:  
Be gracious to me thou infective night,  
And drop this deed of murder downe on mee,  
Gird in my wast of griefe with thy large darknesse,  
And let me not suruiue, to see the light,  
May put me in the minde I had a Sonne.

*Isa.* O sweete *Horatio*! O my dearest Sonne!

*Hiero* How strangelic had I lost my way to griefe,  
Sweete louelie Rose, ill pluckt before thy time:  
Faire worthie Sonne, not conquered, but betraide:  
He kisse thee now, for wordes with teares are staide.

*Isa.* And he close vp the glasses of his sight,  
For once these eyes were onelie my delight.

*Hier.* Seest thou this Hand-kercher besmeard with blood  
It shall not from me till I take reuenge:  
Seest thou these wounds that yet are bleeding fresh,  
He not intombe them till I haue reuengd:  
Then will I ioy amidst my discontent,  
Till then, my sorrow neuer shall be spent.

*Isa.* The heauens are iust, murder cannot be hid.  
Time is the author both of Truth and Right,  
And Time will bring this treacherie to light.

*Hiero.* Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,  
Or at the least, dissemble them a while:  
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,  
And learne by whom all this was brought about.  
Come *Isabella*, now lets take him vp,

*They take him vp.*

And beare him in, from out this cursed place:  
He say his Dirge, singing fits not this case.

*Quisquis mihi quas pulchram veneducet herbas:*

*Hiero.* sets his breast vnto his sword.

*Misceat & nostro dextra medicina doloris:*

*Aut si qui faciant annam oblitia succos:*

*Præbeat, ipse metum magnus quicunque per orbem,*

*Gran jna Sol pulchras effecit in luminis oras.*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Ipse dicit quicquid meditetur saga veneni;  
Quicquid & irrami euecaca mentia nectit.  
Omnia perpetuar, lectam quaeque dum semel omnis,  
Noster in extincto moriunt pictere sensus:  
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo.  
Et tua perperuus sepeluit lumina somnus,  
Emerra tecum sic, Sic iuxta ire sub umbras,  
At tamen ab sistam properato credere letho,  
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

Here he throwes it from him, and beares the bodie away,

*Andrea.*

Broughtst thou me hither to increase my paine:  
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue been slaine,  
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine:  
And they abuse faire *Bel-imperia*,  
On whom I dooted more then all the world,  
Because she loued me more then all the world,

*Reuenge.*

Thou talkest of haruest when the corne is greene,  
The end is growne of euery worke well done:  
The sickle comes not till the corne be ripe.  
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,  
He shew thee *Balthazar* in heauie case.

ACTVS TERCIVS.

*Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, villuppo.*

*Dice.*

**I**N fortunate condition of Kings,  
Seated amidst so many helplesse doubts:  
First we are plast vpon extreamest height,  
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,  
But euer subiect to the wheele of chance:  
And at our highest neuer ioy we so,  
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.  
So striueth not the waues with sundry windes,

As



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

As Fortune toy leth in the affaires of Kings,  
That would be feard, yet feare to be beloued,  
Sith feare or loue to Kings is flatterie:  
For instance Lordings looke vpon your King,  
By hate depriued of his dearest sonne,  
The onely hope of our successiue liues.

*Nob.* I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,  
Had beene inuendome with such extreame hate,  
But now I see, that wordes haue seuerall workes,  
And ther's no credite in the countenance.

*Vill.* No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,  
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,  
When he in Campe, consoorted *Balthazar*,  
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,  
That hourelly coastes the Centre of the earth,  
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the prince.

*Vice.* No more, *Villuppo*, thou hast said enough,  
And with thy words thou slaiest our wounded thoughts,  
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,  
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:  
Goe some of you and fetch the traitour forth,  
That as he is condemned, he may die.

*Enter Alexandro, with a Noble man, and halberts.*

*Nob.* In such extreames, will nought but patience serue.

*Alex.* But in extreames what patience shall I vse?  
Nor discontents it me to leaue the world,  
With whom there nothing can preuayle but wrong.

*Nob.* Yet hope the best.

*Alex.* Tis heauen is my hope.  
As for the earth, it is too much infect'd,  
To yeeld mee hope of any of her mould.

*Vice.* Why linger yee? bring foorth that daring friend,  
And let him die for his accursed deede.

*Alex.* Not that I feare the extremitie of death,  
(For Nobles cannot stoope to seruile feare)  
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

But this, O this torments my labouring soule,  
That thus I die suspected of a sinne,  
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughtes,  
So am I free from this suggestion.

*Vice.* No more I say : to the tortures, when?  
Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,

*They bind him to the stake.*

That shall prefigure those vnquenched fires  
Of *Phlegeton*, prepared for his soule.

*Alex.* My guiltesse death will be auengde on thee,  
On thee *Villuppo*, that hath malic'de thus,  
Or for thy meede, hast falsely me accusde.

*Villup.* Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,  
Ile lende a hand to send thee to the lake  
Where those thy wordes shall perish with thy workes:  
Iniurious traytour, monstrous homicide.

*Enter Embassadour.*

*Em.* Stay, hold a while, & here with pardon of his Maiestie,  
Lay handes vpon *Villuppo*, (trance?

*Vice.* Embassadour, what newes hath vrg'd this sodaine en-

*Embas.* Know Soueraigne, I, that *Balthazar* doth liue.

*Vice.* What sayest thou? liueth *Balthazar* our Sonne?

*Embas.* Your highnesse Sonne *L. Balthazar* doth liue,  
And well intreated in the Court of *Spaine*:

Humbly commendes him to your Maiestie;

These eyes behelde, and these my followers,

With these the Letters of the Kinges commende,

*Gives him letters.*

Are happie witnesses of his Highnesse health,

*The King looks on the Letters and proceeds.*

*Vice.* Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribute is receiv'd,

Thy Peace is made, and we are satisfied:

The rest resolute vpon, as things proposde,

For both our honors, and thy benefite.

*Embas.* These are his Highnesse further Articles,

*He gives him more Letters.*

*Vice.* Accus'd wretch to intimate these illes

Against



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Against the life and reputation  
Of noble *Alexandro* : come my Lord vnbind him,  
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,  
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

*They vnbinde him.*

*Alex.* Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could do no lesse,  
Vpon report of such a damned fact:  
But thus we see our innocencie hath saued  
The hopelesse life which thou *Villuppo* sought  
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

*Vice.* Say false *Villuppo*, wherefore didst thou thus  
Falsly betray Lord *Alexandroes* life?  
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse els,  
But euen the slaughter of our dearest sonne,  
Could once haue mooued vs to haue misconceiued.

*Alex.* Say treacherous *Villuppo*, tell the King?  
Or wherein hath *Alexandro* vsed thee ill?

*Villup.* Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,  
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:  
For not for *Alexandroes* iniuries,  
But for reward, and hope to be preferd,  
Thus haue I shamelesly hazarded his life.

*Vice.* which villaine, shall be ransomed with thy death,  
And not so meane a torment as we heere,  
Deuisde for him, who thou saydst slew our Sonne:  
But with the bitterest tormentes and extreames  
That may be yet inuented for thine end:

*Alex. seemes to intreate.*

Intreate me not, go take the traytor hence:

*Exit Vil.*

And *Alexandro* let vs honour thee  
With publique notice of thy loyaltie,  
To end those thinges articulated heere,  
By our great L. the mightie King of Spaine  
We with our Counsell will deliberate.  
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs companie.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo.*

*Hiero.* Oh eyes, no eyes but fountains fraught with teares

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Oh life! no life; but liuelie forme of death:  
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wronges,  
Confusde and filde with murder and misdeedes:  
Oh sacred Heauens! if this vnholloved deed,  
Yf this inhumane and barbarous attempt,  
Yf this incomparable murder thus,  
Of nine, but now no more my Sonne,  
Shall vnreuealed and vnreuenged passe,  
How should we tearme your dealinges to be iust,  
Yf you vniustlie deale with those that in your iustice trust:  
The night, sad secretarie to my mones,  
With direfull visions, wake my vexed soule,  
And with the woundes of my distresfull Sonne,  
Solicite mee, for notice of his death.  
The ouglie Feendes doe sallie foorth of Hell,  
And frame my steppes to vnfrequented pathes,  
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts,  
The cloudie day my discontents recordes,  
Earelie begins to register my dreames,  
And driue me foorth to seeke the murderer.  
Eyes life, world, heauens, hell, night, and day,  
See, search, shew, send some man,  
Some meane that may:

*A Letter falleth.*

What's heere, a Letter? tush, it is not so:

A Letter written to *Hieronimo.*

*Red incke.*

*For want of Incke receiue this bloodie writ,  
Mee hath my haples brother hid from thee:  
Reuenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him;  
For these were they, that murdered thy Sonne.  
Hieronimo, reuenge Horatioes death,  
And better farre then Bel-imperia doth.*

What meanes this vnexpected miracle?

My Sonne slaine by *Lorenzo*, and the Prince,

What cause had they *Horatio* to maligne?

Or what might mooue thee *Bel-imperia*,

To accuse thy Brother? had he been the meane?

*Hieronimo*



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Hieronimo* beware, thou art betraide:  
And to intrap thy life, this traine is laide:  
Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous,  
This is deuised to endanger thee,  
That thou by this *Lorenzo* shouldst accuse,  
And he for thy dishonour done, should draw  
Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.  
Deare was the life of my beloued Sonne,  
And of his death behooues mee be reueng'd:  
Then hazard not thine owne *Hieronimo*,  
But liue t'effect thy resolution:  
I therefore will by circumstaunces trie,  
What I can gather, to confirme this writ  
And harken neare the Duke of *Castiles* house,  
Close if I can, with *Bel-imperia*.  
To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

*Enter Peringano.*

*Hiero.* Now *Pedringano*.

*Ped.* Now *Hieronimo*.

*Hier.* Where's thy Ladie?

*Ped.* I know not, heeres my Lord.

*Enter Lorenzo.*

*Lor.* How now who's this, *Hieronimo*?

*Hie.* My Lord.

*Ped.* He asketh for my Ladie *Bel-imperia*.

*Lor.* What to doe *Hieronimo*? The Duke my father hath  
Vpon some disgrace, a while remoued her hence:  
But if it be ought I may informe her off,  
Tell mee *Hieronimo*, and Ile let her know it.

*Hier.* Nay, nay, my Lord I thanke you, it shall not need,  
I had a sute vnto her but too late,  
And her disgrace makes me vnfortunate.

*Lor.* Why so *Hieronimo*? vse mee.

*Hier.* Who, you my Lord?

I referue your fauour for a greater honour,  
This is a verie toy my Lord, a toy.

*Lor.* All's one *Hieronimo*, acquaint me with it.

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Hiero.* Y' sayth my Lord, tis an idle thing, I must confesse,  
I ha' been too slacke too tardie, too remisse vnto your honor

*Lor.* How now *Hieronimo*?

*Hiero.* In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing,  
The murder of a Sonne, or so:  
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

*Lor.* Why then, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Hie.* My griefe no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tel.

*Lor.* Come hither *Pedringano*; seest thou this?

*Ped.* My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

*Lor.* This is that damned villaine *Serberine*,  
That hath (I feare) reueald *Horatioes* death.

*Ped.* My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done;  
And since he hath not left my companie.

*Lor.* Admit he haue not, his condition's such,  
As feare, or flattering wordes, may make him false.  
I know his humour, and therewith repent,  
That ere I vsde him in this enterprize.

But *Pedringano*, to preuent the worst,  
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,  
Heere for thy further satisfaction, take thou this,

*Gives him more Gold.*

And harken to me: thus it is, disguise  
This night thou must (and pre'thee so resolute)  
Meete *Serberine* at *S. Linges* Parke:  
Thou know'st tis heere hard by behinde the house,  
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;  
For die he must, if we doe meane to liue.

*Ped.* But how shall *Serberine* be there, my Lord?

*Lor.* Let mee alone, Ile sende to him to meete  
The Prince and mee, where thou must doe this deed,

*Ped.* It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,  
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meet him there.

*Lor.* When thinges shall alter, as I hope they will,  
Then shalt thou moun't for this: thou know'st my minde.

*Exit Ped.*

*Enter*



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Chela Ieron.*

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My Lord.

*Lor.* Goe sirra to *Serberine*, and bid him foorthwith,  
Meete the Prince and mee at *S. Linges Parke*,  
Behind the house, this euening, Boy.

*Page.* I goe my Lord.

*Lor.* But sirra, let the houre be eight a clocke :  
Bid him not fayle.

*Page.* I flie my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Lor.* Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,  
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,  
Vpon precise commaundement from the King,  
Strongly to guard the place where *Pedringano*  
This night shall murder haples *Serberine*.  
This must we worke, that will auoyde distrust,  
Thus must we practise to preuent mishap:  
And thus one ill, an other must expulse.  
This fly inquiry of *Hieronimo* for *Bel-imperia*, breeds suspitiō  
And this suspicion boades a further ill.  
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,  
And so doe they; but I haue dealt for them:  
They that for Coyne their soules endangered  
To saue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs:  
And better tis that base companions die,  
Then by their life to hazard our good haps,  
Nor shall they liue, for me to feare their fayth:  
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend,  
For die they shall; slaues are ordaind for no other end. *Exit.*

*Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.*

*Ped.* Now *Pedringano* bid thy Pistoll hold,  
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour mee,  
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,  
And let me shift for taking of mine ayme:  
Heere is the Gold, this is the Gold proposde,  
It is no dreame that I aduenture for,  
But *Pedringano* is possesse thereof;

And

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

And he that would not straine his Conscience  
For him, that thus his liberal purse hath stretcht;  
Vnworthie such a fauour may he fayle;  
And wishing, want, when such as I preuaile:  
As for the feare of apprehension,  
I know (if neede should be) my noble Lord  
Will stand betweene mee and ensuing ha:mes;  
Besides, this place is free from all suspect,  
Heere therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

*Enter the Watch.*

- 1 I wonder much to what intent it is,  
That we are thus expresselic charg'd to watch?  
2 Tis by commaundement in the Kings owne name.  
3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward,  
So neare the Duke his house before,  
2 Content your selfe, stand close, there's some what in't.

*Enter Serberine.*

Ser. Heere Serberine, attend and staie thy pace,  
For heere did *Don Lorenzo* Page appoynt,  
That thou by his commaunde shouldst meete with him:  
How fit a place, if one were so disposde,  
Mee thinkes this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Heere comes the Bird that I must ceaze vpon:  
Now *Pedringano*, or neuer, plaie the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship staies so long,  
Or wherefore should he send for mee so late?

Ped. For this *Serberine*, and thou shalt ha't:

*Shootes the Dagge.*

So, there hee lies, my promise is performde.

*The Watch.*

- 1 Harke Gentlemen this is a Pistoll shot.  
2 And heer's one slaine; stay the Murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell.

*He strikes with the Watch.*

Who first layes hands on me, Ile be his Priest.

- 3 Sirra confesse, and therein play the Priest:  
Why hast thou thus vnkindlie kilde the man?

*Ped.*



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Ped.* Why? because he walk't a broad so late.

3 Come sir, you had Beene better kept your bed,  
Then haue committed this misdeede so late.

2 Come, to the Marshalls with the murderer.

1 On, to *Hieronimo*? helpe me here.  
To bring the murdered body with vs too.

*Ped.* *Hieronimo*, carry me before whom you will,  
What ere he be, Ile answere him and you,  
And doe your worst, for I defie you all.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lorenzo and Balthazar.*

*Bal.* How now my Lord, what makes you rise so soone?

*Lor.* Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

*Bal.* What mischief is it that we not mistrust.

*Lor.* Our greatest illes, we least mistrust my Lord,  
And in expected harmes do hurt vs mo<sup>st</sup>.

*Bal.* Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,  
If ought concernes our honour, and your owne?

*Lor.* Not you, nor me, my Lord, but both in one,  
For I suspect, and the presumption's great,  
That by those base confederates in our fault,  
Touching the death of *Don Horatio*,  
We are betraide to old *Hieronimo*.

*Bal.* Betrayde *Lorenzo*? tush it cannot be.

*Lor.* A guiltie conscience vrged with the thought,  
Of former euils, easily cannot erre:  
I am perswaded, and disswade me not,  
That all's reuealde to *Hieronimo*,  
And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus:  
But her's the *Page*: how now what newes with thee?

*Page.* My Lord, *Serberine* is slaine.

*Bal.* Who, *Serberine* my man?

*Page.* your Highnes man, my Lord.

*Lor.* Speake *Page*, who murdered him?

*Page.* He that is apprehended for the fact.

*Lor.* Who?

*Page.* *Pedringano*.

*Bal.* I, *Serberine* slaine, that loued his Lord so well;

F.

In

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Iniurious villaine, murderer of his friend.

*Lor.* Hath *Pedringano* murdered *Serberine*?  
My Lord, let me entreat you to take the paines,  
To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,  
With your complaintes vnto my L. the King.  
This their dissention breeds a greater doubt.

*Balt.* Assure thee *Don Lorenzo*, he shall die,  
Or els his Highnesse hardly shall denie.  
Meane while, Ile Haste the Marshall Sessions:  
For die he shall, for this his damned deed.

*Exit Bal.*

*Lor.* Why, so: This fits our former pollicie,  
And thus experience biddes the wise to deale,  
I lay the plot, he prosecutes the point,  
I set the trap, he breakes the worthles twigs,  
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limde.  
Thus hopefull men that meane to hold there owne,  
Must looke like Fowlers to their dearest friends;  
He runnes to kill, whom I haue holpe to catch,  
And no man knowes it was my reaching fatch,  
Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,  
Or any one (in mine opinion)  
When men themselues their secrets will reueale.

*Enter a messenger with a Letter.*

*Lor.* Boy?

*Mes.* My Lord.

*Lor.* Whats he?

*Mes.* I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

*Lor.* From whence?

*Mes.* From *Pedringano* that's imprisoned.

*Lor.* So, he is imprisoned then?

*Mes.* I, my good Lord.

*Lor.* What would he with vs?

He writes vs here: *To st and good L. and helpe him in distres. &c.*  
Tell him I haue his Letters, know his minde,  
And what we may, let him assure him off,  
Fellow, be gone, my Boy shall followe thee.

*Exit Mes.*  
This



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

This workes like waxe, yet once more trie thy wits,  
Boy, goe, conuey this Purse to *Pedringano*,  
Thou knowest the Prison, closely giue it him,  
And be aduise that none be there about,  
Bid him be merrie still, but secret:  
And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,  
Bid him not doubt of his desmerie,  
Tell him his Pardon is alreadie signe,  
And thereon bid him boldly be resolute:  
For were he ready to be turned off,  
As tis my will the vttermost be tride:  
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still,  
Shew him this boxe, tell him his pardons in't,  
But open't not, and if thou louest thy life:  
But let him wisely keepe his hopes vnkowne,  
He shall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

*Page.* I goe, my Lord, I runne.

*Lor.* But Sirra, see that this be cleaniely done, *Exit. Page.*  
Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,  
And now, or neuer ends *Lorenzoes* doubts:  
One only thing is vneffected yet,  
And thats to see the Executioner,  
But to what end? I list not trust the ayre,  
with vtterance of our pretence therein,  
For feare the priuie whispering of the winde,  
Conuey our wordes amongst vnfriendly cares,  
That lie too open to aduantages.

*Et quel que voglio Il nessun le sa,  
Intendo io quel mi beffara.*

*Exit.*

*Enter Boy with the Boxe.*

My Maister hath forbidden me to looke in this Boxe, and  
by my troth tis likely, if he had not warned mee, I should not  
haue had so much idle time: for we mens-kinde in our mine-  
ritie, are like women in their vncertaintie: that they are most  
forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. By my bare  
honestie, heere's nothing but the bare emptie Boxe: were it

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

not sinne against secrecie, I would say it were a peece of gentleman-like knauerie; I must go to *Pedringano* and tel him his pardon is in this boxe: nay I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrarie. I cannot chuse but smile to thinke, how the villaine will flout the gallowes, scorne the audience, and descant on the hang-man: and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Wilt not bee an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace euery iest hee makes, pointing my finger at this boxe as who should say, mocke on, heer's thy warrant? Ist not a scuruie iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death. Alas, poore *Pedringano*, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.*

*Hie.* Thus must we toile in other mens extreames,  
That know not how to remedie our owne;  
And doe them iustice, when vniustly we,  
For all our wrongs can compasse no redresse.  
But shall I neuer liue to see the day,  
That I may come by iustice (of the heauens)  
To know the cause that may my cares allay?  
This toiles my body, this consumeth age,  
That onely I to all men iust must be,  
And neither Gods nor men be iust to me.

*Deputie.* Worthy *Hieronimo*, your office askes  
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

*Hie.* So ist my duetie to regard his death,  
Who when he liued deserued my dearest blood:  
But come, for that we came for, lets begin,  
For heere lies that which bids me to begone.

*Enter Officers, Boy, and Pedringano, with a letter  
in his hand, bound.*

*Deputie.* Bring forth the prisoner, for the Court is set.

*Ped.* Gramarcie boy: but, it was time to come,  
For I had written to my Lord anew,  
A neerer matter that concerneth him,  
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me:  
But sith he hath remembered me so well.

*Come*



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geare?

*Hic.* Stand forth thou monster, murderer of men,  
And heere for satisfaction of the worlde,  
Confesse thy follie, and repent thy fault,  
For there's thy place of execution.

*Ped.* This is short worke, well, to your Marshallship:  
First, I confesse, nor feare I death therefore,  
I am the man, tw'as I slew *Serberine*.  
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,  
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare?

*Depu.* I, *Pearingano*.

*Ped.* Now, I thinke not so.

*Hic.* Peace impudent, for thou shalt finde it so,  
For blood with blood, shall while I sit as Iudge,  
Be satisfied, and the Law discharge,  
And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,  
Yet will I see that other haue their right,  
Dispatch, the fault approued and confest,  
And by our law he is condemn'd to die.

*Hang.* Come on sir, are you ready?

*Ped.* To do what, my fine officious knaue.

*Hang.* To goe to this geare.

*Ped.* O sir, you are too forward, thou wouldst faine furnish  
me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habite.  
So I should goe out of this geare my raiment, into that geare  
the rope,

But Hang-man, now I spie your knauerie, ile not chaunge  
with out boot, thats flat,

*Hang.* Come Sir.

*Ped.* So then I must vp.

*Hang.* No remedie.

*Ped.* Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

*Hang.* Indeed heere's a remedie for that.

*Ped.* How, be turned off?

*Hang.* I truely : come, are you readie.

I pray you sir despatch, the day goes away.

*Ped.* What doe you hang by the houre, if you doe, I may  
chaunce

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

chance to breake your old custome.

*Hang.* Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to break your young necke.

*Ped.* Doest thou mocke me *Hang-man*? pray God I be not preferred to breake your knaues pate for this.

*Hang.* Alas Sir, you are a foote too low to reach it, and I hope you will neuer grow so high while I am in the office.

*Ped.* Sirra, doest see yonder Boy with the Boxe in his hand?

*Hang.* What he that pointes to it with his finger.

*Ped.* I, that companion.

*Hang.* I know him not, but what of him?

*Ped.* Doest thou thinke to liue till his olde dublet will make thee a new trusse?

*Hang.* I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honest man then either thou or he.

*Ped.* What hath he in his boxe as thou thinkest?

*Hang.* Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly, Me thinks you should rather harken to your soules health.

*Ped.* Why, Sirra *Hang-man*, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the soule : and it may bee, in that boxe is balme for both.

*Hang.* Well, thou art euen the merriest peece of mans-flesh that ere gronde at my office doore.

*Ped.* Is your roagarie become an Office, with a knaues name?

*Hang.* I, and that shall all they witnes, that see you seale it with a theenes name.

*Ped.* I prethee, request this good company to pray for me.

*Hang.* I marry, sir, this is a good motion : my masters, you see heeres a good fellow.

*Ped.* Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone til some other time, for now I haue no great neede.

*Here.* I haue not seene a wretch so impudent.

O monstrous times where murder's set so light,  
And where the soule that should be shrind in heauen,  
Solely delights in interdicted things,  
Still wandring in the thornie passages,

That



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

That intercepts it selfe of happinesse.  
Murder, O bloodie monster; God forbid,  
A fault so foule should scape vnpunished.  
Dispatch, and see the execution done,

This makes mee to remember thee my sonne. *Exit Hiero.*

*Ped.* Nay soft, no haste.

*Depu.* Why, wherefore stay you? haue you hope of life?

*Ped.* Why I.

*Hang.* As how?

*Ped.* Why Rascall, by my Pardon from the King.

*Hang.* Stand you on that? then you shall of with this.

*He turns him off.*

*Depu.* So Executioner, conuey him hence,  
But let his body be vnburied:  
Let not the earth be choaked or infect  
With that, which heauen contemnes, and men neglect.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo.*

*Hiero.* Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes,  
My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth?  
Or mine exclaymes, that haue surcharg'd the ayre,  
With ceaseles plaints, for my deceased Sonne;  
The blustering winds conspiring with my wordes,  
At my lament, haue mooued the leauelesse Trees,  
Disroabde the Meadows of their flowred greene,  
Made Mountaines Marsh, with spring-tide of my teares:  
And broken through the brazen Gates of Hell.  
Yet still tormented is my tortured soule,  
With broken sighes and restless passions,  
That winged mount, and houering in the ayre,  
But at the windowes of the brightest heauens,  
Soliciting for Iustice and Reuenge:  
But they are plac'd in those imperiall heights,  
Where countermur'd with walles of Diamond,  
I finde the place impregnable: and they  
Resist my woes, and giue my wordes no way.

*Enter*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Enter Hang-man with a Letter.*

Han. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir, the man sir, Petergade,  
Sir, hee that was so full of merry conceites.

Hier. Well, What of him?

Han. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had  
a faire Commission to the contrarie. Sir, heere is his Pas-  
port; I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Han. You will stand betweene the Gallowes and me.

Hier. I, I.

Han. I thanke your L. worship.

*Exit Hang-man.*

Hier. And yet though somewhat nearer me concernes,  
I will to ease the griefe that I susteine,

Take truce with sorrow, while I read on this.

*My Lord, I write, as my extremes requirde,*

*That you would labour my deliuerie:*

*If you neglect, my life is desperate,*

*And in my death, I shall reueale the troth:*

*You know, my Lord, I slew him for your sake,*

*And was confederate with the Prince and you,*

*Wonne by rewardes, and hopefull promises,*

*I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.*

Holpe he to murder mine Horatio,

And actors in th'accursed Tragedie?

Wast thou Lorenzo, Balthazar, and thou,

Of whom my sonne, my sonne deserued so well,

What haue I heard? what haue mine eyes beheld?

O Sacred heauens, may it come to passe,

That such a monstrous and detested deed,

So closely smotherd, and so long conceald,

Shall thus be this reuenged or reueald;

Now see I what I durst not than'suspect,

That *Fel-imperias* letter was not fainde?

Nor fained she, though falsely they haue wrongd,

Both her, my selfe, Horatio, and themselues.

Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,

Of euery accident, I neere could finde,



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

- Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue  
They did what heauen vnpunisht would not leaue.  
O false *Lorenzo*, are these thy flattering looks?  
Is this the honour that thou didst my sonne?  
And *Balthazar*, bane to thy soule and me,  
Was this the ransom he referu'd for thee?  
Woe to the cause of these constrained warres,  
Woe to thy basenes and captiuitie.  
Woe to thy birth, thy bodie, and thy soule,  
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered selfe  
And band with bitter execrations be,  
The day and place where he did pittie thee:  
But wherefore waste I mine vnfruitfull wordes,  
When nought but blood will satisfie my woes?  
I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,  
And cry aloude for iustice through the court,  
Wearing the flintes with these my withered feete,  
And either purchase iustice by intreates,  
Or tire them all with my reuenging threats.

*Exit.*

*Enter Isabella and her maide.*

*Isa.* So that you say, this herbe will purge the eye,  
And this the head: ah, but none of them will purge the heart:  
No ther's no medicine left for my disease,  
Nor any phy sicke to recure the dead:

*She runnes lunaticke.*

*Horatio*, O wher's *Horatio*?

*Maid.* Good Maddame, affright not thus your selfe,  
With outrage for your sonne *Horatio*,  
He sleepest in quiet in the *Elizian* fieldes.

*Isa.* Why, did I not giue you gownes and goodly thinges,  
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalke too:  
To be reuenged on their villanies.

*Maid.* Maddame, these humours do torment my soule.

*Isa.* My soule, poore soule, thou talkest of thinges  
Thou knowest not what, my soule hath siluer wings,  
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens,  
To heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*.

G.

Backt

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Backt with a troupe of fierie Cherrubins,  
Dauncing about his newly healed woundes  
Singing sweete Hymnes, and chaunting heauenlie notes,  
Rare harmonie to greet his innocencie,  
That liude : I, dide a mirrour in our dayes.  
But say, where shall I finde the men, the murderers,  
That slew *Horatio*? whether shall I runne  
To finde them out, that murdered my Sonne?

*Exeunt.*

*Bel-imperia at a Window.*

*Bel.* What meanes this outrage that is offered mee?  
Why am I thus sequestred from the Court?  
No notice; shall I not know the cause  
Of this my secret and suspicious ill?  
Accursed Brother, vnkind murderer,  
Why bends thou thus thy minde to martire mee?  
*Hieronimo*, why write I of thy wronges?  
Or why art thou so slacke in thy reuenge?

*Andrea*, O *Andrea*! that thou sawest  
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus,  
And him for mee, thus causelesse murdered.  
Well, force perforce, I must constraîne my selfe  
To patience, and applie me to the time,  
Till Heauen (as I haue hoped) shall set mee free.

*Enter Christophell.*

*Chri.* Come Madame *Bel-imperia*, this may not be.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.*

*Lor.* Boy, talke no further, thus farre things go well;  
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

*Page.* Or els (my Lord) I liue not.

*Lor.* That's enough.

As for his resolution in his ende,  
Leaue that to him with whom he sojourns now.

Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Christophell*,

And bid him let my Sister be enlargde,

And bring her hither straight,

This that I did was for a policie,

*Exit Page.*

To,



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

To smooth and keepe the murther secret,  
Which at a nine dayes woonder being ore-blowne,  
My gentle Sister will I now inlarge.

*Bal.* And time (*Lorenzo*) for my Lord the Duke,  
You heard enquired for her yester-night.

*Lor.* Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say  
Sufficient reason, why she kept away:  
But that's all one; my Lord, you loue her?

*Bal.* I.

*Lor.* Then in your loue beware, deale cunninglie,  
Salue all suspitions, onelie sooth me vp:  
And if she liap to stand on tearmes with vs:  
As for her sweet-heart and concealement so,  
Iest with her gently, vnder fained iest,  
Are things concealde that els would breed vnrest.  
But heere she comes.

*Enter Bel-imperia.*

*Lor.* Now Sister.

*Bel.* Sister: No, thou art no Brother, but an enemy:  
Else woulst thou not haue vsed thy Sister so:  
First to affright mee with thy weapons drawne,  
And with extreames abuse my companie:  
And then to hurrie mee like whirle-winds rage,  
Amidst a crue of thy confederates:  
And clapt mee vp where none might come at mee,  
Nor I at anie, to reueale my wronges.  
What madding furie did possesse thy wit?  
Or wherein ist that I offended thee?

*Lor.* Aduise you better *Bel-imperia*,  
For I haue done you no disparagement:  
Vnlesse by more discretion then deserued,  
I sought to saue your honour and mine owne:

*Bel.* Mine honour? why *Lorenzo*, wherein ist  
That I neglect my reputation so,  
As you, or any need to rescue it?

*Lor.* His Highnesse, and my Father were resolu'd  
To come conferre with old *Hieronimo*,

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Concerning certaine matters of estate,  
That by the *Vice-roy* was determined.

*Bel.* And wherein was mine honour toucht in that?

*Bal.* Haue patience *Bel-imperia*, heare the rest.

*Lor.* Mee next in sight, as Messenger they sent,  
To giue him notice that they were so nigh:  
Now when I came, consoorted with the Prince,  
And vnexpected in an Arbour there,  
Found *Bel-imperia* with *Horatio*.

*Bel.* How than?

*Lor.* Why then remembring that old disgrace,  
Which you for *Don Andrea* had indurd,  
And now were likely longer to sustaine,  
By being found so meanelly accompanied:  
Thought rather (for I know no readier meane)  
To thrust *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.

*Bal.* And carrie you obscurelie some-where else,  
Least, that his Highnes should haue found you there.

*Bel.* Euen so my Lord, and you are witnesse,  
That this is true which he intreateth of.  
You (gentle brother) forged this for my sake,  
And you, my Lord, were made his instrument:  
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.  
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

*Lor.* Your melancholie, Sister, since the newes  
Of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,  
My fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

*Bal.* And better wast for you being in disgrace  
To absent your selfe, and giue his furie place.

*Bel.* But why had I no notice of his ire?

*Lor.* That were to adde more Fewell to the fire,  
Who burnt like *Aetna*, for *Andreas* losse.

*Bel.* Hath not my father then enquirde for mee?

*Lor.* Sister, he hath, and thus excusde I thee.

*He whispereth in her eare.*

But *Bel-imperia*, see the gentle Prince,  
Looke on thy Loue, behold young *Balthazar*,

Whose



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Whose passions by thy presence are increast,  
And in whose melancholie thou mayest see,  
Thy hate, his loue: thy flight, his following thee,

*Bel.* Brother, you are become an Oratour,  
I know not I, by what experience,  
Too polliticke for mee, past all compare,  
Since last I saw you; but content your selfe,  
The Prince is meditating higher things.

*Bal.* Tis of thy beautie then, that conquers Kings,  
Of those thy tresses *Ariadnes* twines:  
Wherewith my libertie thou hast surprisde,  
Of that thine iuorie front, my sorrowes map,  
Wherein I see no Hauen to rest my hope.

*Bel.* To loue, and feare, and both at once my Lord,  
In my conceite, are things of more import,  
Then womens wits are to be busied with.

*Balt.* Tis I that loue.

*Bel.* Whom?

*Bal.* *Bel-imperia.*

*Bel.* But I that feare.

*Bal.* Whom?

*Bel.* *Bel-imperia.*

*Lor.* Feare your selfe?

*Bel.* I Brother.

*Lor.* How?

*Bel.* As those, that when they loue, are loath, and feare to

*Bal.* Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be.

*Bel.* *Balthazar* doth feare as well as we.

*Est tremulo me tui pauidem innexere timorem,*

*Et vanum stolidæ proditiōis opus.*

*Exit.*

*Lor.* Nay, and you argue thinges so cunningly,  
Weele goe continue this discourse at Court.

*Bal.* Led by the Load-starre of her heauenly lookes,  
Wendes poore oppressed *Balthazar*,  
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,  
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage.

*Exeunt*  
*Exor*

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

*Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them,*

1 By your leave sir.

*Hie.* Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,  
Nor as you thinke : you're wide all :

These Slippers are not mine, they were my sonne *Horatio* :  
My sonne, and what's a sonne?

A thing begot within a paire, of minutes, there about :

A lump bred vp in darkenesse, and doth serue

To ballace these light creatures we call Women :

And at nine monethes end, creepes foorth to light.

What is there yet in a sonne?

To make a father dote, raue, or runne madde.

Being borne, it poutes, cryes, and breeds teeth.

What is there yet in a sonne?

He must be fed, be taught to goe, and speake :

I, or yet ; Why might not a man loue a Calfe as well?

Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kidde, as for a sonne?

Mee thinkes a young Bacon,

Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,

Should moue a man, as much as doth a sonne :

For one of these in very little time,

Will grow to some good vse ; where as a sonne,

The more he growes in stature and in yeares,

The more vnsguard, vnbeuelled he appeares ;

Reckons his Parents among the rancke of fooles,

Strikes care vpon their heades with his mad ryots,

Makes them looke old, before they meete with age :

This is a sonne : and what a losse were this, considered truly?

O but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of these

Insatiate humours : Hee loued his louing Parentes,

He was my comfort, and his mothers ioy,

The very arme that did hold vp our house,

Our hopes were stored vp in him.

None but a damned murderer could hate him :

He had not seene the backe of nineteene yeere

When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar*,

And his great minde too full of Honour,



*The Spanish Tragedie.*

Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble Portingale.  
Well, heauen is heauen still,  
And there is *Nemesis* and Furies,  
And things called whippes.  
And they sometimes doe meete with murderers,  
They doe not alwayes scape, that's some comfort.  
I, I, I, and then time steales on: and steales, and steales  
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder  
Wrapt in a ball of fire,  
And so doth bring confusion to them all.  
Good leaue haue you: I pray you goe.  
For Ile leaue, if you can leaue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my L. the Dukes?

*Hic.* The next way from me.

2 To his house we meane.

*Hic.* O, hard by, tis yon house that ye see.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there?

*Hic.* who, my Lord *Lorenz*?

1 I, sir.

*He goes in at one dore, and comes out at another.*

*Hic.* Oh, forbear, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,  
But if you be importune to know  
The way to him, and where to finde him out,  
Then list to mee, and Ile resolute your doubt:  
There is a path vpon your left hand side,  
That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,  
Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare  
A darke some place and dangerous to passe;  
There shall you mette with melancholie thoughts,  
Whose balefull humors if you but vphold,  
It will conduct you to despaire and death:  
Whose rockie cliffes, when you haue once beheld,  
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,  
That kindled with the worlds iniquities,  
Doth cast vp filthie and detested fumes.  
Not farre from thence, where murtherers haue built,

A habi-

*The Spanish Tragedie.*

A habitation for their cursed soule:  
There, in a brazen Caldron fixt by *Ioue*  
In his fell wrath, vpon a sulphire flame;  
Your selues shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,  
In boyling Lead, and Blood of innocentes.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

*Hier.* Ha, ha, ha: why ha, ha, ha? Farewell good ha, ha, ha.

*Exit.*

2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunaticke,  
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote:  
Come, lets away, to seeke my Lord the Duke.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo With a Poynard in one hand,  
and a Rope in the other.*

*Hiero.* Now sit, perhaps I come and see the King,  
The King sees mee, and faine would heare my sute:  
Why is not this a strange, and seeld scene thing,  
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute?  
Goe toe, I see their shiftes, and say no more.

*Hieronimo*, tis time for thee to trudge,  
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple Gore  
Standeth a fire Towre; there sits a Iudge,  
Vpon a seate of Steele and molten Brasse:  
And twixt his teeth he holdes a Fire-brand,  
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand:  
Away *Hieronimo* to him, be gone:

Heele doe thee iustice for *Horatioes* death,  
Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him straight:  
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath,  
This way, or that way: soft and faire, not so,  
For if I hang or kill my selfe, lets know  
Who will reuenge *Horatioes* murder then?

No, no, fie no: pardon me, Ile none of that.

*He flings away the Dagger and halter.*

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King,

*He takes them v? againe.*

And heere Ile haue a fling at him that's flat,  
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring,

And



The Spanish Tragedie.

And thee, Lorenzo; heere's the King may slay:

And heere, I heere: there goes the Hare away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Vice-roy saith;  
Hath he receiued the Articles we sent?

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice to Hieronimo.

Loz. Backe, seest thou not the King is busie?

Hiero. Oh is he so?

King. Who is he that interrupts our businesse?

Hiero. Not I: Hieronimo beware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiued, and read  
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promist League:

And as a man ex'reamely ouer-joy'd,

To heare his Sonne so princelie entertain'd,

Whose death he had so solemly bewayl'd.

This for thy further satisfaction,

And Kinglie loue, he kindlie lets thee know:

First, for the mariage of his princelie Sonne,

With Bel-imperia, thy beloued Neece,

The newes are more delightfull to his soule,

Then Myrth or Incense to the offended heauens

In person therefore will he come him selfe,

To see the mariage rites solemnized

And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,

To knit a sure inexplicable band

Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league

Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portugale:

There will he giue his Crowne to Balthazar,

And make a Queene of Bel-imperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our Vice-royes loue?

Cast. No doubt, my Lord, it is an argument

Of honourable care to keepe his friend,

And wonderous zeale to Balthazar his Sonne:

Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,

That benes his liking to my Daughter thus.

Emb. Now last (dread Lord) heere hath his Highnes sent,

(Although he send not, that his Sonne returne)

H.

His

## The Spanish Tragedie.

His ransom due to Don Horatio.

Hiero. Horatio who calles Horatio?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maiestie:

Heere, see it giuen to Horatio.

Hiero. Iustice, O Iustice, Iustice gentle King.

King. Who is that, Hieronimo?

Hier. Iustice, O Iustice: O my Sonne, my Sonne:

My Sonne, whom naught can ransom or redeeme.

Loz. Hieronimo, you are not well aduise:

Hiero. Away Lorenzo, hinder me no more,

For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse:

Give mee my Sonne, you shall not ransom him,

Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

Hee diggeth with his dagger

And ferre cuer to th'Elizian paines,

And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly woundes

Stand from about mee, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,

And heere surrender vp my Marshalship:

For Ile goe marshall vp the Feendes in Hell,

To be auenged on you all, for this.

King. What meane, this outrage;

Will none of you restraine his furie

Hiero. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to strine.

Needes must he goe, that the Duels drive.

**Exit.**

King. What accident hath hap't to Hieronimo?

I haue not seene him to demeane him so,

Loz. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,

Conceiu'd of young Horatio his Sonne;

And couetous of hauing to himselfe,

The Ransome of the young Prince Balthazar,

Distract, and in a manner lunaticke.

King. Beleue mee Nephew, we are sorie for't.

This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes;

But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,

The Princes Ransom; let him haue his due,

For what he hath, Horatio shall not want,

Happily Hieronimo hath need thereof.

**Loz.**



**Loz.** But if he be thus hapleslie distract,  
Tis requisite his office be resign'd,  
And giuen to one of more discretion.

**King.** We shall increase his melancholy so,  
Tis best we see further in it first:

Till when, our selfe will exempt the place,  
And brtother, now bring in the Embassadour,

That he may be a witnessle of the match  
Twixt Balhazar and Sel-imperia,

And that we may prefixe a certaine time,  
Wherein the Marriage shal be solemnized,

That we may haue thy Lord the Vice-roy heere.

**Emb.** Therin your highnesse higely shall content  
His Maieftie, that longes to heare from hence.

**King.** On then, and heere your Lord Embassadour, **Exeunt**

**Enter Jaques and Pedro.**

**Jaq.** I wonder **Pedro**, why our Maister thus  
At midnight sendes vs with our Torches light,  
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,  
Saue those that watch for rape and bloodie murder?

**Ped.** O **Jaques**, know thou, that our Maisters minde  
Is much distraught since his **Horatio** dyed,  
And now his aged yeere should sleepe in rest,  
His heart in quiet, like a desperat man,  
Growes lunaticke and childish for his Sonne:  
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit,  
He spakes as if **Horatio** stood by him:  
Then staring in a rage, falles on the earth,  
Cryes out **Horatio**, Where is my **Horatio**?  
So that with ex-reamie griefe and cutting sorrow,  
There is not left in him one ynch of man:  
See where he comes.

**Enter Hieronimo.**

**Hiero.** I prie through euery creuice of each Wall,  
Looke on each tree and search through euery bracke:  
Beat at the bushes, stampe our grand in earth,  
Diuie in the water, and stare vp to heauen,

## The Spanish Tragedie.

Yet can not I behol'd my sonne **Hozatio**.

**How** now, who's there, sprights, spights?

**Hed.** Wee are your Seruants that attend you sir.

**Hier.** What make you with your Torches in the darke?

**Hed.** You bid vs light them, and attend you heere.

**Hier.** No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd,  
Was I so madd to bid you light your Torches now,  
Light mee your Torches at the mid of noone,  
When as the Sun-God rides in all his glorie:  
Light me your Torches then.

**Hed.** Then we burne day light.

**Hier.** Let it be burnt, night is a murderous slut,  
That would not haue her treasons to be scene,  
And yonder pale faced Hee-cat there the Moone  
Doth giue consent to that is done in darknesse:  
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,  
Are Agglots on her sleeue Pins on her traine:  
And those that should be powerfull and diuine,  
Doe sleepe in darknes, when they most should shine.

**Hed.** Prouoke them not faire sir, with tempting words,  
The Heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,  
Makes you speake you know not what.

**Hier.** Villaine, thou lyest; and thou doest nought  
But tell mee I am madd: thou lyest, I am not madd.  
I know thee to be **Hedzo** and he **Iaquet**:  
He prooue it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?  
Where was she that same night, when my **Hozia** was mured?  
She should haue shone; Search thou the booke: (grace  
Had the Moone shone in my boyes face (there was a kinde of  
That I know) nay, I do know had the murderer leene him,  
His weapon would haue fall'n and cut the earth,  
Had he been framde of naught but blood and death,  
Alacke, when Mischiefe doth it knowes not what,  
What shall we say to Mischiefe?

Enter **Isabella**.

**Isa.** Deare **Hierantino**, come in a doore:  
O seeke not meanes to increase thy sorrow.

**Hier.**



## The Spanish Tragedie.

**Hier.** Indeed Isabella, we doe nothing heere,  
I doe not cry, aske **Hedzo**, and aske **Jaques**  
Not I indeed, we are very merrie, very merrie.

**Isa.** How? be merrie heere, be merrie heere.  
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,  
Where my **Hozatto** dyed, where he was murdered

**Hier.** Was, doe not say what: let her weepe it out,  
This was the tree I set it of a Kirnell,  
And when our hott **Spaine** could not let it grow  
But that the Infant and the humaine sapp,  
Began to wither; duly twice a morning,  
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water,  
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,  
Till at the length it grew a Gallowes, and did beare our **Sonne**  
It bore thy fruite and mine: O wicked, wicked plant.

**One knockes within at the doore.**

See who knockes there.

**Hedzo.** It is a Painter sir.

**Hiero.** Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,  
For surely there's none liues but painted comfort:  
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chaunce:  
Gods will, that I should set this tree,  
But euen so maisters, vngreatfull seruants reard from nought,  
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

**Enter the Painter.**

**Paint.** God blesse you sir.

**Hier.** Wherefore, why, thou scornefull villaine?  
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest?

**Isa.** What wouldst thou haue good fellow?

**Paint.** Iustice, Madame.

**Hier.** O ambitious begger, wouldst thou haue that,  
That lines not in the worlde,  
Why all the vndeilded Mynes cannot buy  
An ounce of Iustice, tis a iewell so inestimable:

Itself thee God hath ingrossed all Iustice in his handes,  
And there is none, but what comes from him, **(Sonne**

**Isa.** O then I see that God must right me for my murdered

Hiero. How was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir: no man did hold a Sonne so deare,

Hiero. What not as thine? that's a lie,  
As massie as the earth I had a Sonne,  
Whose least vnuallued haire did waigh  
A thousand of thy Sonnes: and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas sir, I had no more but hee.

Hier. Nor I, not I: but this same one of mine,  
W. s worth a legion: but all is one,  
Pedro, Jaques: goe in a doores Isabella, goe,  
And this good fellow heere, and I,  
Will range this hidious Orchard vp and downe,  
Like to two Lyons reaued of their young:  
Goe in a doores, I say.

Exeunt.

The Painter and he sits downe.

Come, let's talke wisely now,  
Was thy Sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir,

Hiero. So was mine.

How doo'st take it? art thou not sometimes madd?  
Is there no trickes that comes before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord yes sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? canst paint me a teare, or a wound;  
A groane, or a sigh? canst paint me such a tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you haue heard of my painting,  
My name's Bazardo.

Hier. Bazardo, afore-God an excellent fellow. Looke you sir  
Doe you see; I'de haue you paint me my Gallie  
In your Oyle culloures matted; and draw me five  
Yeeres younger then I am. Doe you see sir, let five  
Yeeres agoe; Let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine,  
My wife Isabella, standing by me

With a speaking looke to my Sonne Horatio.

Which should intende to this, or some such like purpose:

God-blesse thee my sweete sonne; and my hand leaning vpon  
his head thus sir: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir.

Hier.



# The Spanish Tragedie.

**Hiero.** Nay, I pray marke mee fir:

Then fir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree,  
Canst paint a dolefull cry?

**Paint.** Seemingly, fir.

**Hier.** Nay, it should cry: but all is one.

Well fir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with vil-  
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree.

Canst thou draw a Murderer?

**Paint.** He warrant you fir,

I haue the patterne of the most notorious Villaines,  
That euer liued in all Spaine.

**Hiero.** O. let them be worse, worse: stretch thine Art,  
And let their beardes be of **Judas** his owne cullour:  
And let their eye-browes iutty ouer: in any case obserue that.  
Then fir, after some violent noyse,  
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,  
With my Torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus:  
And with these wordes,

What noyse is this, who calles **Hieronimo**?

May it be done?

**Paint.** Yea fir.

**Hier.** Well fir; then bring me forth, bring me through allie  
and allie, still with a distracted countenaunce going along,  
and let my haire heaue vp my night-cap.

Let the Clowdes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres  
extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles towling, the Owle  
shrieking, the Toades croking, the Minut, s jerring, and the  
Clocke striking twelue.

And then at last fir, starting behold a man hanging: And tot-  
tering, and tottering as you know the winde will weaue a  
man, and I with a rice to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my Torch, finde  
it to be my sonne **Horatio**.

There you may a passion, there you may shew a passion.

Draw mee like old **Priam** of **Troy**.

Crying, the house is a fire, the house is a fire,

As the Torch ouer thy head. Make mee curse.

Make

## The Spanish Tragedie.

Make me raue make me cry, make me mad.  
Make me well againe make me curse hell,  
Inuocate, and in the ende, leaue me  
In a traunce, and so forth.

Paint, And is this the end.

Die. O no, there is no end: the end is death and mandnes.  
As I am neuer better then when I am mad,  
Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow,  
Then I doe wonders: But reason abuseth me,  
And there's the torment, there's the hell.  
At the last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers,  
Were he as strong as Hector, thus would I  
Teare and drage him vp and downe.

He beates the Painter in, then comes out againe,  
with a Booke in his hand.

*Vindicta mihi.*

I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill.  
Nor will they suffer murder vnrepaid:  
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will,  
For mortall men may not appoint a time.

*Verselus semper tu sum es sceleribus iter.*

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee,  
For euils vnto ils conducters be,  
And Death's the worst of resolution:  
For he that thinkes with patience to contend,  
To quiet life, his life shall easily ende.

*Fata miseris iuuant habes salutem,*

*Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum.*

If Destinie thy miseries do ease,  
Then hast thou health, and happie shalt thou be.  
If Destinie denie thee life Hieronimo,  
Yet shalt thou be assured of a Tombe:  
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,  
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.  
And to conclude, I wist reuenge his death,  
But how? not as the vulgar wits of men,  
With open, but ineuitable ils:



## The Spanish Tragedie.

As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,  
Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best,  
Wile men will take their oportunitie,  
Closely and safely, fitting things to time.  
But in extreames, vantage hath on time:  
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge:  
Thus therefore will I rest mee in vnrest,  
Dissembling quiet in vnquietnesse:  
Not seeming that I know their villanies,  
That simplicitie may make them thinke,  
That ignorantly I will let it slip:  
For ignorance I wor, and well they know,

*Remedium malorum mors est.*

Not ought awayes it mee to menace them,  
Who, as a wintrie storme vpon a plaine,  
Will beare me downe with their Nobilitie.  
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enioyne  
Thine eyes to obseruation, and thy tongue  
To milder speeches then thy spirits afforde,  
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,  
Thy Cappe to curtisie, and thy Knee to bow,  
Till to reuenge, thou know when, where, and how.

*A noyse within.*

How now, what noyse? what coyle is that you keepe?

*Enter a Seruant.*

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,  
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,  
That you should plead their cases to the King.

Hiero. That I should plead their seuerall Actions:  
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

*Enter three Citizens, and an old man*

1 So, I tell you this, for learning and for law,  
There's not any Advocate in Spaine,  
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,  
That he will in pursuite of equitie.

Hiero. Come neere, you men that thus importune mee,  
(Now must I beare a free or grauntie)

This

I.

For

## The Spanish Tragedie.

For this I vnde before my Marshalship,  
To plead in causes as Corriegdoz.  
Come on fir, whats the matter?

2 Sir, an Action

Hiero. Of Battering?

1 Mine of debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2 No fir, mine is an action of the Case.

3 Mine an Eiection Firma by Lease.

Hier. Content you fir, are you determined  
That I should plead your seuerall actions?

1 I fir, and heere's my Declaration.

2 And heere my Band.

3 And heere is my Lease. **They giue him Papers.**

Hier. But wherefore stand you sillie man so mute,  
With mournefull eyes and handes to heauen vpreard?  
Come hither Father, let me know thy cause?

Sener. O wothie fir, my cause but slightlie knowne,  
May moue the heartes of warlike Myrmidons,  
And melt the corricke Rockes with ruthfull teares

Hier. Say Father, tell mee what's thy sute?

Sener. No fir, could my woes  
Giue way vnto my most distresfull wordes,  
Then should I not in Paper, as you see,  
With Incke bewray, what blood began in mee.

Hier. What's heere? I he humble Supplication  
Of Don Bazulc, for his murdered Sonne?

Sener. I fir.

Hier2. No fir, it was my murdred Sonne, Oh my Sonne,  
Oh my Sonne, Oh my Sonne Horatio:

But mine, ort hine, Bazulc be content.

Heere take my handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,

Whiles wretched I, in thy mishapes may see,

The liuene portrait of my dying selfe.

**He drawes out a bloody Papkin.**

O no not this, Horatio this was thine,

And when I did, it in thy dearest blood,

**This**



## The Spanish Tragedie.

This was a token twixt thy soule and mee,  
That of thy death reuenged I should be.  
But heere, take this, and this: What my Purse?  
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:  
For all as one, are our extremities.

**I** Oh, see the kindnesse of Hieronimo.

This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

**Hiero.** See, see; Oh see thy shame Hieronimo,

See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:

Behold the sorrowes and the sad laments,

That he deliuered for his Sonnes deceasse.

If loue effectes so stiuies in lesser thinges,

If loue enforce such moodes in meaner wits,

If loue expresse such power in poore estate:

**Hieronimo**, when as a raging Sea,

Toste with the winde and tide, o'returnest then

The vpper billowes course of waues to keepe,

Whilest lesser Waters labour in the deepe:

Then shamest thou not Hieronimo to neglect

The swift reuenge of thy **Horatio**?

Though on this earth Iustice will not be found,

Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion,

Knocke at the dismall gates of **Plutos** Court,

Getting by force (as once **Alcides**)

A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Hagges,

To torture **Don Lorenzo** and the rest.

Yet least the triple headed Porter should

Denie my passage to the slymie Strond,

The **Thracian** Poet thou shalt counterfaite:

Come old Father, be my **Dyphus**,

And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,

Then sound the burden of the fore hearts grieve,

Till we do gaine, that **Proserpine** may graunt

Reueng on them that murdered my Sonne.

Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,

Shiuering their limmes in peeces with my teeth.

Leare the papers.

## The Spanish Tragedie.

1 Oh fir my Declaration,  
Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas, my Lease, it cost me ten pound,  
And you my Lord, haue torne the same.

Hiero. That can not be, I gaue them neuer a wound,  
Shew me ene drop of blood fall from the same:

How is it possible I should slay it then?

Tush no, run after, catch mee if you can.

Creunt all but the old man.

Hazulto remaynes till Hieronimo enters againe, who  
staring him in the face speaketh.

Hie. And art thou come Horatio from the death,  
To aske for Iustice in this vpper earth,  
To tell thy Father thou art vntreugde,  
To wring more teares from Isabellas eyes:  
Whose lights are dim'd with ouer-long laments?  
Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to Catus,  
For heere's no Iustice, gentle Boy be gone:  
For Iustice is exiled from the earth,  
Hieronimo will beare thee companie.  
Thy Mother cries enrighteous Mandamant  
For iust reueng against the Murderers.

Senex. Alas, my L. whence springs this troubled speech?

Hiero. But let mee looke on my Horatio:

Sweete Boy, art thou changde in Deaths blacke shade?

Had Proserpine no pittie on thy youth?

But suffered the faire crimson culloured spring,

With withered winter to be blasted thus?

Horatio, thou art older then thy Father,

Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformes

Was. Ah my good L. I am not your young Sonne.

Hiero. What, not my Sonne? thou then a Furie art,  
Sent from the emptie kingdome of blacke night,  
To summon mee to make appearance

Before



## The Spanish Tragedie.

Before grim **Diues** and iust **Adamant**,  
To plague **Hieronimo** that is remisse,  
And seekes not vengeance for **Horatio** death.

**Baz.** I am a grieved man, and not a Ghost  
That came for Iustice for my murdered Sonne.

**Hiero** I, now I know thee, now thou namest my Sonne;  
Thou art the liuely image of my griefe,  
Within thy face my sorrowes I may see:  
Thy eyes are grun'd with teare: thy cheekes are wan.  
Thy forehead troubled, and thy muttering lippes  
Murmure sadde words, abruptly broken off,  
By force of windie sighes thy spirit breathes,  
And all this sorrow riseth for thy Sonne:  
And selfe same sorrow feele I for my Sonne.  
Come in old man, thou shalt to **Isabel**,  
Leane on my arme: I thee, thou mee, shalt stay,  
And thou, and I, and shee, wilt sing a song:  
Three parts in one: but all of discords fram'd:  
Talke not of Cordes, but let vs now begone,  
For with a Cord **Horatio** was slaine.

**Creunt**

Enter **King of Spaine**, the **Duke**, **Vice-roy**, and **Lorenzo**,

**Balthazar**, **Don Pedro**, and **Bel-imperia**.

**King.** Goe Brother, tis the **Duke of Castiles** cause,  
Salute the **Vice-roy** in our name.

**Cast.** I goe.

**Vic.** Goe forth **Don Pedro**, for thy Nephewes sake,  
And grette the **Duke of Castile**,

**Ped.** It shall be sir.

**King.** And now to meete the **Portingales**,  
For as we now are, so sometimes were these  
**Kings** and **Commanders** of the **Westerne Indies**.  
We come brare **Vice-roy** to the **Court of Spaine**,  
And welcome all his honorable traine.  
Tis not vnknowne to vs, for why you come,  
Or haue so kingly crost the Seas:  
Sufficed it in this we note the troth,  
And more then common loue you lend to vs.

## The Spanish Tragedie.

So is it that mine honorable Neece,  
For it be seemes vs now that it be knowne,  
Alreadie is betroth'd to Balthazar:  
And by appoyntment, and our condiscant,  
Tomorrow are they to be married.  
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,  
Thy followers, their pleasure and our peace:  
Speake men of Portingale, shall it be so?  
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no?

**Vice.** Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,  
With doubtfull followers, vnresolved men,  
But such as haue vpon mine Articles  
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me,  
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize  
The marriage of thy beloued Neece,  
Faيرة Belimpetia with my Balthazar,  
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see.  
Here take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee:  
And let me liue a solitarie life,  
In ceaselesse prayers  
To thinke how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.

**King.** See brother see, how Nature strives in him,  
Come worthy Vice-roy, and accompanie  
Thy friend, with thine extremities:  
A place more private fites this Princel y mood.

**Vice.** Or here, or where your Highnes thinks it good,  
Creunt all but Cas. and Loz.

**Cas.** Nay stay Lorenzo, let me talke with you,  
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?

**Loz.** I do my Lord, and ioy to see the same.

**Cas.** And knewest thou why this meeting is?

**Loz.** For her my Lord, whom Balthazar doth loue,  
And to confirme their promised marriage.

**Cas.** Shee is thy sister.

**Loz.** Who Belimpetia? I my gracious Lord,  
And this is the day that I haue longd so happelie to see.

**Cas.** Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine,

Should



## The Spanish Tragedie.

Should intercept her in her happinesse.

**Loz.** Heauens will not let **Lozenzo** erre so much,

**Cas.** Why then **Lozenzo** listen to my wordes,  
It is suspected, and reported too,

That thou **Lozenzo** wrongst **Hieronimo**,

And in his suites towards his Maiestie,

Still keepe him backe and seekes to crosse his sute,

**Loz.** That I my Lord?

**Cas.** I tell thee Sonne my selfe haue heard it sayd,

When to my sorrow I haue been a shamed

To answere for thee, though thou art my Sonne.

**Lozenzo**, knowst thou not the common loue,

And kindnes that **Hieronimo** hath wonne

By his desertes, within the Court of Spaine?

Or seest thou not the King my brothers care,

In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

**Lozenzo** shouldst thou thwart his passions,

And he exclaime against thee to the King.

What honour wert in this assemblie,

Or what a scandale wert among the Kings,

To heare **Hieronimo** exclaime on thee?

Tell mee, and looke thou tell me truely too.

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

**Loz.** My Lord, it lies not in **Lozenzos** power,

To stop the vulgar liberall of their tongues:

A small aduantage makes a water breach,

And no man liues, that long contenteth all,

**Cas.** My selfe haue seene the busie to keepe backe

Him and his supplications from the King.

**Loz.** Your selfe my Lord, haue leene his passions,

That ill be seeme the presence of a King:

And for I pitied him in his disteile,

I helde him thence with kind and curteous wordes.

As free from malice to **Hieronimo**,

As to my soule, my Lord.

**Cas.** **Hieronimo** (my Sonne) mistakes thee then.

**Loz.** My gracious Father, beleeue mee, so he doth.

But

## The Spanish Tragedie.

But what's a fillic man distract in minde,  
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?

Alas, how easie is it for him to erre:

But for his satisfaction and the worlds,

Twere good my Lord, that Hieronimo and I,

Were reconcild in he misconster mee,

**Cas.** Lorenzo, thou hast said it shall be so,

Goe one of you and call Hieronimo.

**Enter Balthazar and Bel-imperia.**

**Bal.** Come Bel-imperia, Balthazars content,

My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blisse,

Sith heauen hath ordainde thee to be mine.

Disperse those clouds and melacholy lookes,

And cleare them vp with those thy Sun-bright eyes,

Wherein my hope, and heauen, faire beaurie lyes.

**Bel.** My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue,

Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

**Bal.** New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne.

**Bel.** But not too fast, least heate and all be done,

I see my Lord my Father,

**Bal.** Truce my loue, I will go salute him.

**Cas.** Welcome Balthazar, welcome brane Prince,

The pledge of Castiles peace:

And welcome Bel-imperia: How now girle?

Why comest thou sadly to salute vs thus?

Consent thy selfe, for I am satisfied,

It is not now as when Andrea liu'd,

We haue forgotten and forgott that,

And thou art graced with a happier Loue.

But Balthazar heere comes Hieronimo,

He haue a word with him,

**Enter Hieronimo and a Deuiant.**

**Hiero.** And where's my Duke?

**Ser.** Yonder.

**Hiero.** Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised tro?

Pocas Palabraz, milde as the Lambe,

Is I will be reueng'd; no I am not the man.

But

**Cas.**



## The Spanish Tragedie.

**Cas.** Welcome Hieronimo.

**Loz.** Welcome Hieronimo.

**Bal.** Welcome Hieronimo.

**Hier.** My Lords, I thanke you for **Horatio**.

**Cas.** Hieronimo, the reason that I sent  
To speake with you, is this.

**Hiero.** What, so short?  
Then lie be gone, I thanke you for't.

**Cas.** Nay stay Hieronimo; goe call him Sonne.

**Loz.** Hieronimo, my Father craves a word with you.

**Hier.** With me sir? why my L. I thought ynu had done.

**Loz.** No, would he had.

**Cas.** Hier. I heare you find your selfe agreed at my Son  
Because you haue not accesse vnto the King:  
And say, tis hee that intercepts your sutes.

**Hiero.** Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

**Cas.** Hieronimo, I hope you haue no cause,  
And would be loth that one of your deserts,  
Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne,  
Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

**Hiero.** Your Sonne **Lozenzo**, whom my noble Lord,  
The hope of Spaine, mine honorable friend?  
Graunt mee the combate of them, if they dare.

**Dzanes out his sword.**

He meete him face to face to tell mee so:  
These be the scandalous reportes of such,  
As loue not mee, and hate my Lord too much.  
Should I suspect **Lozenzo** would preuent  
Or crosse my fate, that loued my Sonne so well:  
My Lord, I am ashamed it should be said.

**Loz.** Hieronimo, I neuer gaue you cause.

**Hier.** My good Lord, I know you did not.

**Cas.** There then pause, and for the satisfaction of the world  
Hieronimo, frequent my homelic house,  
The Duke of Castile, Ciprians auncient Seate,  
And when thou wilt, vse me, my Sonne, and it.

# The Spanish Tragedie.

But heere before Prince Balthazar and mee,  
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hie. I marry my Lord, and shall:  
Friends (quoth hee) see, Ile be friends with you all:  
Specially with you my lovelie Lord,  
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,  
That we be friendes the world is suspitious,  
And men may thinke, what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendlie done Hieronimo.

Loz. And that I hope old grudges are forgot,

Hie. What els, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cas. Come on Hieronimo, at my request,  
Let vs entreat your companie to day.

Exeunt.

Hier. Your Lordships to commaund,  
Pha: keepe your way.

Michimifaz: Qui Correzza Chenon sult.

Tradito niba etrade bule.

Exit.

Enter Ghost and Reuenge.

Ghost.

Awake Ericha, Cerberus awake,  
Solicite Pluto gentle Proserpin,  
To combat Achinon and Erichus in Hell:  
For n erd by Styx, and Phlegeton  
Nor terried Caron to the fierie lakes,  
Such fearefull fights, as poore Andzea sees.  
Reuenge awake.

Reuenge. Awake, for why?

Ghost. Awake Reuenge, for thou art ill aduise,  
To sleepe, away; what, thou art warnd to watch.

Reuenge. Content thy selfe, and do not trouble mee.

Ghost. Awake Reuenge, It Loue, as I oue hath had,  
Haue yet the power or preuailance in Hell.  
Hieronimo with Lozel: so is joynd in league,  
And inticeps our passage to reuenge:  
Awake Reuenge, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus



## The Spanish Tragedie.

**Re.** Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreamd vpon,  
Content thy selfe **Andrea**, though I sleepe,  
Yet is my mood soliciting their soules,  
Sufficeth thee that poore **Hieronimo**,  
Cannot forget his Sonne **Vozatio**:  
Nor dies **Reuenge**, although he sleepe awhile,  
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found:  
And slumbring is a common worldly wile,  
Behold **Andrea** for an instance, how  
**Reuenge** hath slept, and then imagine thou,  
What tis to be subiect to Desunie.

Enter a dumbe show.

**Ghost.** Awake **Reuenge**, reueale this Mysterie.

**Reuen.** The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,  
As bright burning as the mid-dayes Sunne:  
But after them, doth **Himen** hie as fast,  
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron robe,  
And blowes them out, and quenceth them with blood,  
As discontent that things continue so.

**Ghost.** Sufficeth mee, thy meaning's vnderstood,  
And thanks vnto thee, and those internall powers,  
That will not tollerate a Louers woe:  
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.

**Reuen.** Thus argue not, for thou hast thy request.  
Exunt.

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## ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter **Bel-imperia** and **Hieronimo**.

**Bel-imperia.**

**I** S this the lone thou bearest **Vozatio**?  
Is this the kindnes that thou counterfaites?  
Are these the fruites of thine incessant teares?  
**Hieronimo**, are these thy passions,

## The Spanish Tragedie.

Thy protestationes and thy deepe laments,  
That thou wert wont to wearie men withall;  
O vnkind Father O deceitfull world,  
with what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe  
with what dishonour, and the hate of men:  
From this dishonour, and the hate of men,  
Thus to neglect the life and losse of him,  
Whome both my letters, and thine owne beliefe  
Assures thee to be causelesse slaughtered:  
Hieronimo, for shame Hieronimo,  
Benet a Historie to after times,  
Of such ingratitude vnto thy Sonne:  
Vnhappie Mother of such children then:  
But monstrous Father, to forget so soone  
The death of those, whom they with care and cost,  
Haue tendred so, thus carelesse should be lost.  
My selfe a stranger in respect of thee,  
So loued his life, as still I wish their deaths:  
Nor shall his death be vreueng'd by mee,  
Although I beare it out for fashions sake,  
For heere I sweare, in sight of heauen and earth,  
Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldst retaine,  
And give it ouer, and deuise no more,  
My selfe should send their hatefull soules to Hell,  
That wrought his downefall, with extreamest death,  
Hier. But may it be that Bel-imperia,  
Vowes such reueng as she hath dauid to say:  
Why then I see that Heaue applies our crift,  
And all the Saintes do sit soliciting  
For vengeance on those curst murderers,  
Madame tis true, and now I finde it so:  
I found a Letter written in your name,  
And in that Letter, how Horatio dyed,  
Pardon, O pardon Bel-imperia  
My feare and care in not beleeuing it,  
Nor thinke, I thoughtlesse thinke vpon a meane,  
To let his death be vreuengde at full:

And



And heere I row, so you but giue consent,  
And will conceale my resolution:  
I will ere long determine of their deaths,  
That causeles thus haue murdered my sonne.

**Bel. Hieronimo.** I will consent conceale,  
And ought that may effect for thine auail,  
Ioyne with thee to reueng **Hozatio** death.

**Hier.** On then, whatsoeuer I deuise,  
Let me entreat you grace my practises:  
For why the plot's already in my head.  
Heere they are.

**Enter Balthazar and Lorenzo.**

**Bal.** How now, **Hieronimo**, What courting **Bel-imperia**:

**Hie.** I my Lord, such courting as I promise you  
She hath my heart; but you my Lord haue hers. **(helpe,**

**Lor.** But now, **Hieronimo**, or neuer wee are to entreat your

**Hie.** My helpe, why my good Lords assure your selues of me  
For you haue giuen me cause, I by my faith haue you.

**Bal.** It please you at the entertainement of the Embassadour  
To grace the King so much as with a shew:  
Now were your Studie so well furnished,  
As for the passing of the first nights sport  
To entertaine my Father with the like:  
Or any such like pleasing motion,  
Assure your selfe it would content them well.

**Hiera.** Is this all?

**Bal.** I, this is all,

**Hiero.** Why then Ile fit you, say no more.  
When I was young, I gaue my minde,  
And ply de my selfe to fruitlesse Poetrie:  
Which though it profite the Professor naught,  
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world,

**Lor.** And how for that?

**Hiero.** Marrie, my good Lord, thus:  
And yet mee thinke you are too quickewith vs,  
When in **Colado**, there I studied,  
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie:

## The Spanilh Tragedie.

See heere my Lords, **He shewes them a Booke.**  
Which long forgot, I found this other day:  
Now would your Lordships fauour mee so much,  
As but to grace mee with your acting it,  
I meane, each one of you to play a part:  
Assure you, it will prooue most passing strange,  
And wonderous plausible to that assemblie.

**Bal.** What? would you haue vs play a Tragedie?

**Hier.** Why? **Pero** thought it no disparagment,  
And Kings Emperours haue tane delight,  
To make experience of their wits in Playes.

**Loz.** Nay he not angrie good **Hieronimo**,  
The Prince but asked a question.

**Bal.** In fayth **Hieronimo**, and you be in earnest,  
He make one.

**Loz.** And I another.

**Hiero.** Now (my Lord) could you intreat  
Your sister **Bel-impetta** to make one;  
For what's a Play without a Woman in't?

**Bel.** Little intreatie shall serue me **Hieronimo**;  
For I must needs be employed in your Play.

**Hier.** Why this is well; I tell you Lordings,  
It was determined to haue been acted  
By Gentlemen, and Schollers too,  
Such as could tell what to speake.

**Bal.** And now it shall be said, by Princes and Courtiers,  
Such as can tell how to speake:  
If (as it is our Countrey manner)  
You will but let vs know the Argument.

**Hier.** That shall I roundly. The Chronicles of **Spaine**,  
Record this written, of a Knight of **Rhodes**;  
Hee was betrothed, and wedded at the length,  
To one **Perseda**, an Italian Dame,  
Whose Beautie rauished all that her beheld;  
Especially the soule of **Soliman**,  
Who at the mariage was the chiefeest guest.  
By fundrie meanes sought **Soliman** to winne,

**Persedas**



## The Spanish Tragedie.

Perseda's loue, and could not gaine the same:

Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,

One of his **Bashawes**, whom he held full deare:

Her had this **Bashaw** long solicited,

And saw she was not otherwise to be wonne,

But by her Husbands death, this Knight of **Rhodes**:

Whom presently, by trecherie he slew.

Shee stirde with an exceeding hate therefore,

As cause of this, slew **Soliman**:

And to escape the **Bashawes** tyrannie,

Did stabbe her selfe: and this is the Tragedie.

**Loz.** O excellent:

**Bel.** But say, **Hieronimo**, What then became of him  
That was the **Bashaw**?

**Hier.** Marry thus mooued with remorse of his mi. deedes,  
Ran to a Mountaine top and hangd himselfe.

**Wal.** But which of vs is to performe that part?

**Hiero.** O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it,  
He play the murderer I warrant you,  
For I alreadie haue conceited that.

**Wal.** And what shall I?

**Hier.** Great **Soliman** the Turkish Emperour.

**Loz.** And I?

**Hier.** **Crafft**, the Knight of **Rhodes**.

**Bel.** And I?

**Hiero.** **Perseda**, chaste, and resolute.

And heere, my Lords are seuerall abstracts drawne,

For each of you to note your parts,

And act it as occasion's offered you.

You must provide a Turkish Cappe,

A blacke Mustacio, and a Faucon.

**Gives a paper to Wal.**

You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of **Rhodes**.

**Gives another to Loz.**

And Madame, you must attire your selfe

**Gives Bel. another.**

Like **Phabe**, **Flora**, or the Huntresse,

**Which**

## The Spanish Tragedie.

Which to your discretion shall seeme best.  
And as for mee my Lords, Ile looke to one,  
And with the Ransome that the Vice-roy sent,  
So furnish and performe this Tragedie,  
As all the world shall say Hieronimo  
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. Hieronimo, mee thinkes a Comedie were better,

Hier. A Comedie fie; Comedies are fit for common wits,  
But to present a Kingly troupe withall,  
Giue mee a stately written Tragedie,  
Tragedia cothornato, fitting Kings,  
Containing matter, and not common things.  
My Lords, all this must be performed,  
As fitting for the first nights reuelling.

The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,  
That in one houres meditation,  
They would performe any thing in action,

Loz. And well it may, for I haue scene the like  
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In Paris, Masse and well remembered,  
There's one thing more that restes for vs to doe.

Bal. What's that Hieronimo? forget not any thing.

Hier. Each one of vs must act his part  
In vnkno wne languages,

That it may breed the more varietie:

As you (my Lord) in Latin, I in Greeke:

You in Italian; and for because I know

That Bel-imperia hath practised the French,

In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You meane to try my cunning then Hieronimo.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,

And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. it must be so, for the conclusion

Shall prooue the inuention, and all was good:

And I may selfe in an Oration,

And with a strange and wonderous shew besides

That I will haue there behind a Curtaine,

Assure



## The Spanning Tragedie

Assure your selfe, shall make the matter knowne,  
And all shall be concluded in one Scene,  
For there's no pleasure in tediousnes.

**Bal.** How like you this?

**Loz.** Why thus, my Lord we must resolute,  
To sooth his humours vp.

**Bal.** On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soone.

**Hier.** you ply this geere?

**Loz.** I warrant you.

**Exeunt all but Hieronimo.**

**Hiero.** I, why so? now shall I see the fall of Babylon,  
wrought by the Heauens, in this confusion:

And if the world like not this Tragedie,

Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo, **Exit.**

**Enter Isabella with a weapon.**

**Isa.** Tell mee no more, O monstrous Homicides,  
Since neither pietie nor pittie mooues,

The King to Iustice or compassion,

I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,

Where they murdered my beloved Sonne:

**She cuts downe the Arbour.**

Downe with these Branches, and these loathsome Boughes,

Of this vnfortunate and fatall Pine:

Downe with them Isabella, rent them vp,

And burne the rootes from whence the rest is sprung:

I will not leaue a roote, a stalke, a tree,

A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,

No, not an hearbe, within this Garden plot.

Accursed complot of my miserie,

Fruitelesse for euer may this Garden bee:

Barren the Earth, and blesselesse whosoener

Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.

An Easterne minde commixt with noysome ayres,

Shall blast the Plants, and the young Saplings,

The Earth with Serpents shall be pestered,

And passengers for feare to be infect,

Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:

L.

There

## The Spanish Tragedie.

There mured, died the Sonne of Isabell:  
I heere he di'd, and heere I him imbrace:  
See where his Ghost folicites with his wounds  
Reuenge on her, that should reuenge his death.  
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy Sonne,  
For sorrow and dispaire hath cited mee,  
To heare Horatio plead with Madamant.  
Make hast Hieronimo, to hold exculde  
Thy negligence in pursuite of their deaths,  
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.  
Ah ha, thou dost delay their deaths,  
Forgiues the murderers of thy noble Sonne,  
And none but I, bestirre mee to no end:  
And as I curse this tree from further fruite,  
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake;  
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,  
The haplesse breast that gaue Horatio sucke.

She stabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, hee knockes vp the Curtaine.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now Hieronimo, where's your fellowes,  
That you take all this paine?

Hiero. O hir, it is for the Authors credite,  
To looke that all things may go well:  
But good my Lord, let me intreat your Grace,  
To giue the King the Coppie of the Play:  
This is the Argument of what we shew.

Cast. I will, Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good Lord,

Cast. What's that?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,  
That when the traine are past into the Gallerie,  
You would vouchsafe to throw me downe the Key.

Cast. I will Hieronimo.

Hier. What are you readie Balthazar?  
Bring a Chaire and a Cushin for the King.

Exit Cast.

Enter



# The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done Balthazar, hang vp the Tilt:

Our Scene is Rhodes: What is your Beard on?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, you are so long.

Exit Bal.

Berhinke thy selfe Hieronimo,

Recall thy wits, recount thy former wronges

Thou hast receiued, by murder of thy Sonne,

And lastly, not least, how Isabell,

Once his Mother, and thy dearest

All woe be gone for him: hath slaine thy selfe:

Behooues thee then Hieronimo to be avenge'd,

The plot is layde of dire deuice

On then Hieronimo prepare

For nothing wants but action to avenge.

Exit Hier.

Enter Spanish King,

and his Son, Duke of Castile,

and his frame.

King. Now till we see the Tragedie

Of Soliman, the Turke, our

Performde of pleasure, your Sonne the Prince,

My Nephew, Don Lewis, and my Neece,

Wife. Who. Bel.

King. I, and Hieronimo our Marshall.

At whose request, they came to doo't them-selues.

These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.

Heere Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,

This is the Argument of that they shew.

He giues him a Booke.

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo in sundrie Languages, was

thought good to be set downe in English, more largely,

for the easier understanding to euery

publique Reader.

## The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter Balthazar, Bel-imperia, and Hieronimo,  
Balthazar.

**B**althazar, that Rhodes is ours, yeeld Heauensthe honour,  
And holy Dagomet our sacred Prophet:  
And be thou grac't with euery excellence,  
That Soliman can giue, or thou desire  
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is lesse  
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph  
Perseda, blisfull lampe of excellence,  
Whose eyes compell like powerfull Adamant,  
The warlike heart of Soliman to waite.

King. See Uiceroy, that is Balthazar your Sonne,  
That represents the Emperour Soliman:  
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Uice. I, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.

Castile. That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia.

Uic. What euer ioy earth yeeldes, betide your Maiestie.

Bal. Earth yeelds no ioy, without Persedas loue.

Hier. Then let Perseda on your Grace attende.

Bal. She shall not waight on mee, but I on her  
Drawne by the influence of her lights, I yeeld,  
But let my friend the Rhodian knight come foorth,  
Crasto, dearer then my life to mee.

That he may see Perseda my beloued.

Enter Crasto

King. Heere comes Lorenzo, looke vpon the plot,  
And tell me brother, what part playes he?

Bel. Ah, my Crasto: welcome to Perseda,

Cra. Thine happie is Crasto, that thou liuest,  
Rhodes losse is nothing to Crastos ioy,  
Sith his Perseda, liues his life turmies.

Bal. Ah, Balthazar, heere is loue betwixt Crasto  
And faire Perseda, loue a'grie of my soule.

Uic. Remooue Crasto mighty Soliman,  
And then Perseda will be quick'y woone.

Bal. Crasto is my friend, and while he liues,  
Perseda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hier. Let



## The Spanish Tragedie.

**Hier.** Let not **Crasso** live, to grieve great **Soliman**.

**Bal.** Deare is **Crasso** in our Princely eye.

**Hier.** But if he be your rivall, let him die.

**Bal.** Why let him die, so love commaundeth mee:  
Yet grieve I that **Crasso** should so die.

**Hier.** **Crasso**, **Soliman** salureth thee,  
And lets thee wit by mee his Highnes will:  
Which is, thou shouldst be thus imployde.

**Stab him.**

**Bal.** Aye mee **Crasso**, I see **Soliman** **Crassoes** flaine.

**Bal.** Yet liueth **Soliman** to comfort thee:  
Faure Queene of Beautie, let not Fauour die,  
But with a gracious eye behold his griefe.  
That with **Persedas** Beautie is encreast:  
If by **Persedas** griefe be not releast.

**Bal.** Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,  
Relentlesse are mine cares to thy laments;  
As thy Butcher is pittilesse, and base,  
Which seazd on my **Crasso** harmelesse Knight,  
Yet by thy power, thou thinkest to commaund,  
And to thy power **Persedas** doeth obey:  
But were she able, thus she would reuenge  
Thy tretcheries, on thee ignoble Prince:

**Let her stab him.**

And on her selfe, she would be thus reueng'd.

**Stab her selfe.**

**King** Well said old Marshall, this was brauely done.

**Hier.** But **Bal-imperia** playes **Persedas** well.

**Uice.** Were this in earnest **Bal-imperia**,  
You would be better to my Sonne, then so,

**King** But now what followes for **Hieronimo**?

**Hiero.** Marry, this fello wes for **Hieronimo**.  
Heere breake we off our sundrie Languages,  
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue:  
Happely you thinke (but bootlesse be your thoughts)  
That this is fabulously counterfaite,  
And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,

## The Spanish Tragedie.

To die to day for (fashioning our Scene)  
The death of Aiar or some Romane Peere,  
And in a minute starting vp againe,  
Reuiue to please to morrowes audience.  
No Princes: know I am Hieronimo,  
The hopelesse father of a haplesse sonne,  
Whose tongue is twind to tell his latest tale,  
Not to excuse grosse errors in the Play.  
I see your lookes vrge instance of these wordes:  
Behold the reason vrging me to this.

**He shewes his dead Sonne.**

See heere my shew, looke on this spectacle:  
Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope heath end:  
Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was flaine:  
Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost:  
Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft:  
But hope, heart, treasure, ioy, and blisse:  
All fled, faild, died, yea all decayde with this:  
From forth these woundes came breath, that gaue me life:  
They murdered mee, that made these fatall markes:  
The cause was Loue, whence grew this mortall Hate,  
The Hate, Lozenzo, and young Balthazar;  
The Loue, my Sonne to Bel-imperia.  
But Night, the coueter of accursed crimes,  
With pitchie silence husht the traytors harmes.  
And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure  
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,  
Vpon my Sonne, my deare Horatio.  
There, mercilesse they butchered vp my Boy,  
In blacke darke night to pale dimme cruell Death:  
Hee shrikt, I heard, and yet mee thinkes I heare  
His dismall out-crie eccho in the ayre:  
With soonest speede I hasted to the noyse:  
Where hanging on a tree, I found my Sonne,  
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtered, as you see;  
And greeued I (thinke you) at this spectacle,  
Speake Portingales, whose losse resembles mine,

If



## The Spanish Tragedie.

If thou canst weepe vpon thy Balthazar?  
Tis like I waild for my Horatio.  
And you, my Lord, whose reconciled Sonne,  
Marcht in a Net, and thought him selfe vnscene,  
And rated mee for braineficke lunacie,  
Which God amende, that madde Hieronimo.  
How can you brooke our Playes Catastrophe?  
And heere behold this bloodie hand-kercher,  
Which at Horatioes death I weeping dipt  
Within the riuier of his bleeding woundes:  
It as propitious; see I haue reserved,  
And neuer haue it left my bloodie heart,  
Soliciting remembraunce of my vow,  
With these. O these accursed murderers,  
Which now performe, my heart is satisfied:  
And to this end the Balthazar I became,  
That might reuenge me on Lozenzoes life:  
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,  
And was to present the Knight of Rhodes,  
That I might kill him more conueniently.  
So Uiceroy, was this Balthazar thy Sonne,  
That Soliman, which Bel-imperia  
In person of Perseda murdered:  
Solely appoynted to that tragicke part,  
That she might slay him that offended her.  
Poore Bel-imperia mist her part in this;  
For though the Storie saith she should haue died,  
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,  
Did otherwise determine of her end.  
But loue of him, whom they did hate too much,  
Did vrge her resolution to be such.  
And Princes, now behold Hieronimo,  
Author and actor in this Tragedie:  
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist:  
And will as resolute conclude his part,  
As any of the Actors gone before.  
And Gentles, thus I end my Play,

Vrge

## The Spanish Tragedie.

Virgilio more wordes, I haue no more to say.

He runs to hang him selfe.

King. O hearken Vice-roy: hold Hieronimo:  
Brother, my Nephew and thy Sonne, are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayd; my Balthazar is slaine,  
Breake open the doores; run, saue Hieronimo.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, Doe but informe the King of these euents,  
Vpon mine Honour, thus shalt haue no harme.

Hier. Vice-roy, I will not trust thee with my life,  
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne:

Accursed wretch, why stay'st thou him that was resolu'd to die?

King. Speake Traytor, damned bloodie murderer, speake  
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake:

Why hast thou done this vnderferuing deed?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my Children thus?

Hier. But are you sure they are dead?

Cast. I haue too sure.

Hier. What and yours too?

Vice. I, all are dead, not one of them suruive.

Hier. Nay then I care not; come, and we shall be friends,  
Let vs lay our heades together,

See heere's a goodly howse will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Diuell, how secure he is.

Hier. Secure, why dost thou wonder at it?

I tell thee Vice-roy, this day I haue scene reueng'd,

And in that fight am growne a prouder Monarch,

Then euer late vnder the Crowne of Spaine:

Had I as many liues as there be Starres,

As many Heauens to goe to as those liues,

I'de giue them all; I and my soule to boote,

But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, who were thy confederates in this?

Vice. That was thy Daughter Bel-imperia,

For by her hand my Balthazar was slaine:

Ifay



## The Spanish Tragedie.

I saw her stab him.

**Hier.** O good wordes: as deare to me was my Horatio.

As yours, or yours, or yours my L. to you,

My guiltlesse sonne was by Lorenzo slaine,

And by Lorenzo, and that Balthazar,

Am I at last reuenged thorowly.

Vpon whole soules may heauens be yet reuenged,

With greater farre then these afflictions.

Mee thinkes since I grew inward with Reuenge,

I cannot looke with scorne enough on Death.

**Bin.** What, dost thou mocke vs slave: bring torturs forth

**Hier.** Doe, doe, doe, and meane time Ile torture you:

You had a Sonne (as I take it) and your Sonne

Sould ha'e been married to your daughter: ha, wast not so?

You haad a sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew,

He was proude and politicke, had he liued,

He might a come to weare the crowne of Spaine,

I thinke twas so: twas I that killed him,

Looke you his same hand, twas it that stab'd

His heart, Doe you see this hand?

For one Horatio, if you euer knew him

A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers Garden:

One that did force your valiant Sonne to yeld

While your more valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

**Uice.** Be deate my Sorces; I can heare no more.

**King.** Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

**Cas.** Rowle all the world within thy pitchie cloude.

**Hier.** Now doe I applaud what I haue acted,

*Puñce mets cadae manus.*

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,

First take my tongue, and afterward my heart,

*He bites out his tongue.*

**King.** O monstrous resolution of a wretch:

See Uice-roy, hee hath bitten forth his tongue,

Rather then to reueale what wee requirde.

**Cas.** Yet can he write.

**M**

**King**

## The Spanilh Tragedie.

**King.** And if in this he satisfie vs not,  
Wee will deuise th' extreamest kind of death,  
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

*He makes signes for a knife to mend his pen,*

**Cas.** O, hee would haue a knife to mend his pen.

**Vice.** Heere, and aduise thee, that thou write the troth.  
Looke to my Brother: saue Hieronimo.

*He with the knife, stabs the Duke, and himselfe.*

**King.** What age hath euer heard such monstrous deedes?  
My Brother, and the whole succeeding hope,  
That Spaine expected, after my discease.  
Goe beare his bodie hence, that we may mourne,  
The losse of our beloued Brothers death,  
That he may be in tomb'd what ere befall:  
I am the next the neereest last of all.

**Vice.** And thou **Don Pedro**, doe the like for vs:  
Take vp our haplesse Sonne, vntimely slaine,  
Set mee with him, and hee with weefull mee:  
Vpon the Maine mast of a Shippe vnmand,  
And let the Winde and Tide hale mee along  
To Shillas barking and vntamed grieke:  
Or to the lothsome Poole of Achiron,  
To weepe my want for my sweet **Balthazar**.  
**Spaine** hath no refuge for a **Portingale**,

**Cerunt.**

*The Trumpets sounde a dead March, the King of Spaine  
mourning after his brothers body: and the King of Por-  
tingale bearing the body of his Sonne.*

*Enter Ghost, and Reuenge.*

*Ghost.*

I, now my hopes haue end in their effects:  
When Blood and Sorrow finish my desires:  
**Horatio** murdered in his fathers Bower,  
Vile **Serberius** by **Pedringano** slaine:

**False**



False Pedringano hangd by quaint deuice;  
 Faire Isabella by her false mildone,  
 Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stab'd,  
 The Duke of Castile and his wicked Sonne,  
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo:  
 My Bel-imperia false as Diu fell,  
 And good Hieronimo slaine by him selfe:  
 I, these were spectacles to please my soule.  
 Now will I begge at louelic Desdemone,  
 That by the vertue of her Princelie doome,  
 I may consort my friendes in pleasing sort,  
 And on my foes, worke iust and sharpe reuenge.  
 Ile lead my friend Horatio through those fieldes,  
 Where neuer dying Warres are still inurde.  
 Ile lead faire Isabella to that traine,  
 Where pittie weepes, but neuer feeleih paine,  
 Ile lead my Bel-imperia to those ioyes,  
 That Vestall Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse.  
 Ile lead Hieronimo where Dypheus playes,  
 Adding sweete pleasure to eternall dayes.  
 But say Reuenge, for thou must helpe, or none,  
 Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne:

REVENGE.

This hand shall hale them downe to deepest Hell,  
 Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.

GHOST.

Then sweete Reuenge, doe this at my request,  
 Let mee be ludge, and doome them to virest:  
 Let loose poore Titius from the Vultures gripe,  
 And let Don Ciprian supplie his roome.  
 Place Don Lorenzo on Trions wheele:  
 And let the Louers endles paines surcease,  
 Iuno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease.  
 Hang Balthazar about Chineras necke,  
 And let him there bewaile his bloodie loue,  
 Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.

M 2.

Let

Let **Herberine** goe to the fatall **Stone**,  
And take from **Sicripus** his endlesse **mone**.  
**Falſe Pedringano** for his trecherie,  
Let him be dragde through boyling **Acheron**:  
And there liue, dying ſtill in endlesse flames,  
Baſpheming Gods, and all the holy names.

**REVENGE.**

Then haſte wee downe to meeete thy friends and foes.  
To place thy friendes in eaſe, the reſt in woes:  
For heere, though **Death** hath end their miſerie,  
He there begin their endlesse **Tragedie**.

**Creunt**

**FINIS.**

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Then ſweete **Herberine** doe this at my request,  
Let mee be iudge and doome them to vent:  
I will be good to them from the **ſtillities** ride  
And let **Don Ciprian** ſeeke his room.  
Place **Don Lorenzo** on **Arion's** wheele:  
And let the **Louers** endles paines turne to  
Iuno forgets old wrath, and grants him eaſe.  
I ſhall be ſatisfied about **Don Lorenzo's** need:  
And let him there bewaile his **bloody** ioy:  
Requing at our ioyes that are about.

**L.**

**M.**



